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POSTSCRIPT.—This page is printed at the request of the War Department; but since it was designed the whole war situation has, of course, been changed!

Your Chance to Blow the Kaiser Out of His Berlin Palace

Thousands of Commissions for Battery Commanders Waiting for Men Who Will Join the American Big Gun Corps

By Colonel C. B. Blethen,

Assistant to the Chief of the Coast Artillery

MANY a man would give a year of his life for a chance to shoot a high velocity shell from a big long-range United States made-in-America gun into Kaiser William's palace in Berlin.

Well, the possibility of just that opportunity is open now. The United States Big Gun Corps needs six thousand officers to command American batteries in France. Three months' training, a knowledge (even if it is a little rusty) of trigonometry, and an ability to command men—these three things put you in line for a quick commission that may command the guns that carry their message into Berlin.

We—the United States of America—have guns in France that shoot 35,000 yards and drop a ton of T.N.T. on their targets. The Coast Artillery Corps had a wonderful problem on its hands the day it was told that it had become the "Big Gun Corps," to handle the artillery of our army in France. Its forty thousand men were as nothing compared to what it would have to deliver abroad, trained, equipped and provided with the great weapons necessary to batter to pieces Hun trenches, strong points and so forth. That it accomplished its task to the satisfaction of itself and one John J. Pershing is a matter of history, the details of which cannot be accurately written till after peace has come.

But that same quiet helmsman of American vengeance has made up his mind that if the war continues, a branch of the army that has accomplished so much can accomplish more. Therefore he has asked for an enormous extension of the American Big Gun programme. The men we have in sight—they come from the draft. The guns and other equipment we have, and this newspaper would be delighted to tell (if it were only permitted) the marvellous Yankee achievements that have provided those guns. But there is a serious shortage of just one item—OFFICERS.

Thousands of officers must be selected and trained before next Summer. This would be an easy matter in almost any other branch of the service. But in the heavy artillery there is the most unexpected obstacle.

Each one of these thousands must KNOW TRIGONOMETRY.

The Big Gun Corps refuses to be stumped by this fact. It has opened a school at Fort Monroe, Va., where civilians may be trained in three months to become officers. Trigonometry is not taught there, but any man in the country not physically disqualified, who has ever taken that branch of mathematics in school, and who feels that he can command men, can enter it, and by diligent work receive a commission. The commanding officers of every fort, every artillery district and every coast defence in the United States are instructed to receive applications from such men. In addition applications will be received—are daily being received—by the commandant, Coast Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va., and by the Chief of the Coast Artillery, War Department, Washington, D. C.

One of the odd things in life is the fact that no man knows positively that his occupation of to-day will certainly be his occupation of to-morrow. The assistant office manager, the chief clerk, the city editor and the factory superintendent who now read this article may have thought from the beginning that the wife and child would prevent his participation in the great contest for Democracy's safety, and yet will have here found a road to a commission which will permit his fighting for Uncle Sam and at the same time provide for his family.

Think of it! Thousands of commissions for the men who know trigonometry!

Animals that Never Take a Drink

The Jerboa, or Kangaroo Rat—a Curious, Little Desert Rodent That Never Drinks.

One of the Gigantic Lions Shot by the Heller Party in the Land of the Waterless Animals to Which It Had Been Driven by Hunger to Search for Its Prey.

(Below) A Dorcatherium—An Antelope That Through 200,000 Years Has "Specialized" to Do Without Water and Which Has Thrived Continuously in Africa Since the Pleistocene Era.

(Herbert Lang Photo., American Museum's Congo Expedition.)

Science Finds in Africa Beasts That Can Go Waterless Year in and Year Out and Prepares to Study Them for Light Upon the Possibility of Mankind Surviving on a Dried-Up World

By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

SCIENTISTS have long predicted that one of the possible ends of our world, and, indeed, the probable one, will be through its drying up. We have constantly with us the moon, which has gone the same way and whose "lovers' light" is nothing but the sun rays reflected from the deserts of her waterless face. Speculation upon life on Mars has always been linked with the objection that there is no proof that the water left upon the red planet is enough to sustain any kind of life such as we know—and certainly, leaving the canals as not proven, not enough to sustain life of creatures such as ourselves.

The body of every animal of earth, of vegetation and, in fact, of every living thing, is largely water—their ratios never dropping below fifty per cent, and sometimes reaching the astonishing total of ninety-five per cent. These watery contents, of course, have to be constantly renewed, and earth still has enough and many times more than enough to do this. Nevertheless, through certain natural laws water is steadily, though slowly, disappearing from our world and inevitably it must reach the stage of the moon.

Recent discoveries of animals in Africa which apparently go without drinking year in and year out have seriously modified the views of science upon man's ability to withstand the distant catastrophe of a dry world. Observation of these animals makes it certain that the power of the organism to adapt itself to changing conditions is far greater than has been supposed, and that there is, therefore, no reason to believe that mankind may not exist, or, at least, conscious intelligent beings who once were man, up until the very verge of the end.

The discoveries have also supported the belief of those who hold that intelligent life exists on Mars despite its conditions, and gives strength to the doubt whether our own moon is not still the home of human forms, a theory of which Professor Pickering, the distinguished American astronomer, was the foremost exponent. The announcement of the existence of these non-drinking African animals has been made before the New York Academy of Science by Doctor Edmund Heller, one of the greatest of American field naturalists. When he made his announcement, Dr. Heller had just returned from many years of exploration in Africa, during which time he was naturalist to the Smithsonian, the Roosevelt and the Ramey expeditions. He has now departed on a new expedition to the interior of Asia.

Arrangements have been made to secure specimens of the types he had under observation and for which he makes such surprising claims. When these arrive experts of the New York Academy, the American Museum of Natural History and the Smithsonian Institution will dissect and study their organs to determine what has taken place within them to allow their owners such immunity from thirst. These will be, probably, under the direction of Dr. Ernest E. Smith, the president of the Academy, who believes that the problem involved concerns mainly the respiratory organs and can only be solved by autopsy.

In revealing his curious and essentially important researches Doctor Heller said:

"Along the Northern Guaso Nyiro most of the big animals were drinking regularly, either in the river itself or in the rare tributaries. The country was as dry as a bone, the leaves on the thorn trees and the harsh grass having withered under the intense heat of many rainless months. At the good drinking places the ground was cut deep by innumerable footprints of buffalo, eland, oryx, big zebra, common zebra, waterbuck, impalla and gazelle. At one time or another we saw most of these animals drinking; we are convinced that they were all drinking regularly, probably once a day.

"We never saw the gerenuk drinking or saw their tracks at the watering places, and we met individuals in places so far from water that we are confident they were not drinking at all. We never saw the footprints of the giraffe at any of the watering places save one, where we only saw two of them. In one place we kept in contact with a herd for three days and are reasonably confident that they did not drink during that time.

"Be this as it may, it is absolutely certain that in portions of Africa giraffes and certain antelopes that go under such names as oryx, eland, hartebeest, etc., pass long periods of time, probably months, without drinking.

"Other antelopes, such as the gerenuk, never drink there at all. This is the time when the heat and dryness are such that it would seem as if every particle of moisture in the big bodies would be sucked out. A white man or an average native would die of thirst within forty-eight hours in the same regions where these big beasts thrive without any water.

"We got to know the daily lives of many animals—a simple round from day to day. And yet, there are extraordinary variations, inexplicable under certain conditions. But the most extraordinary—the one which demands the most rigid observations and investigations—is this power to go without drink for days and weeks at a time. The hartebeest, a daily drinker in places where water is plentiful, in other regions, waterless, never drinks for days and weeks. Herds were found where there was absolutely not a drop of water. In northern Africa a herd of the reticulated giraffes drank no water during the week of observation, although their companions, other mammals, drank regularly.

"Both in the Kalahari Desert and in Somaliland, as well as in other tracts, there are seasons of the year in which giraffe, oryx, eland, hartebeest and sassebe apparently exist without water for periods that seem incredible. Many smaller desert mammals, such as jerboas, do not drink at all. In other words, where there is water some of the species drink it; where there is no water, they go without it. How this is possible, especially for such huge, fat beasts as elands, in a climate of such intolerable dryness and heat, we cannot imagine. No problem is better worth the study of competent field naturalists."

While Dr. Heller found the larger mammals which could go without water fat and good eating, the smaller antelopes of varied names were quite the reverse, their flesh being tough and unpalatable. He said:

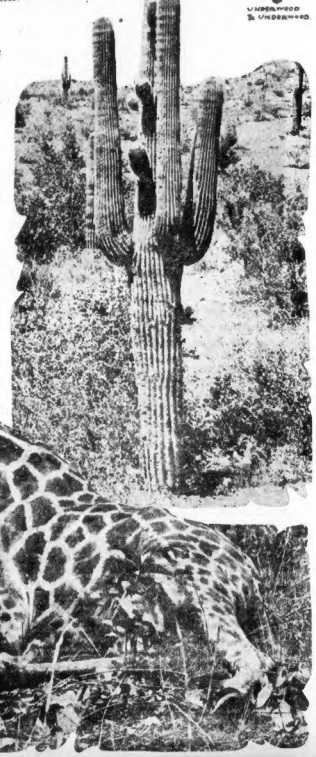
"The Klipspringer, a lively little antelope found on the rocky hills throughout eastern Africa, seemingly goes for long periods without drinking. The northern, or desert form, certainly does not drink at all, but lives without water. The Oribi, a small antelope, at Maji ya Chumvi and in the coast desert, live without water there whatever they do elsewhere. The Gerenuk, a queer, long-legged, long-necked antelope, called by the Swahihlis 'little camel,' was common in the dry scrub covered country along Northern Guaso Nyiro. It was as wild and wary as the gazelle of the neighborhood was tame. It was found singly and in parties in the driest regions where it did not drink at all. The long-snouted Dikdiks, very small antelopes, of the desert of the same region, never drank and could not get water if they wanted it. We found them in thickets, far away from water, which they apparently never left. Nor were we able to get any water in this desert."

The demand of men of science for intensive physiological investigations of these mammals, may or may not reveal results in an explanation of the problem of existence without water. The Heller expedition made autopsies of every species of mammal collected, to ascertain the contents of their stomachs and settle the matter of what foods they ate. They found no organs differing in function than those common to all other mammals, including man himself.

On the basis of their data alone, we can only turn to specialization for an answer to the difficult problem. We can only assume at present that these mammals have specialized going without water through generations extending back through 200,000 years. Africa is an aged Archaic continent. It lies out of the path of such rain and snow storms as entirely envelope the North American continent. Its lowlands may be described as all tropical and densely moist, and much of its higher altitudes as largely desert and dry regions. All of the non-water using mammals catalogued are herbivores, which gradually, during the ages, retreated higher up into drier and drier regions to escape extermination by lions, hyenas, cheetahs and various carnivores. No known carnivore can exist without an ample supply of drinking water. All carnivores linger about fords, where herbivores come down periodically to drink, then to pick out the particular mammal that pleases their fancy, seize it and devour it at leisure.

It is obvious that all mammals which can live without water and exist upon such vegitation as is produced in the desert regions, have little to fear from beasts of prey. Roosevelt and Heller also mention a peculiar feature of these giraffes and antelopes. They are so strong that they can only be held by a lion when seized by the throat. Otherwise, they break away and escape. When a lion or other carnivore, driven by scarcity of prey, ventures into the deserts for victims, he must make sure of his grip on the throat or go without food; and he must speedily beat a retreat back to the water courses.

The main interest in non-drinking creatures, however, as has been said, has to do with matters earthly thousands of years hence. We have knowledge that the water on earth is gradually evaporating. Some day, it is claimed, there will come about a waterless earth, when all water-using forms of life will perish. Not so, however, those forms of life which have specialized to do without water. Such forms at that remote period will become the future inhabitants of the globe, and from them will spring the future populations. From amongst them will perhaps gradually evolve the successor of man, just as man evolved in the Pleistocene era from a low order, but brain bearing insectivorous small mammal, which in turn had previously evolved from a mammal-reptile whose amphibious ancestors had come out of the shallow inland seas and gradually came to exist out of water.



A Desert Scene of What Was Once a Fertile District of America—a Foretaste of the Almost Waterless Future That Science Says Awaits Our World.

The Reticulated Giraffe Which Has Sought the Arid Spaces of Africa to Avoid Carnivorous Beasts and Exists, Dr. Heller Says, Without Water.

(Herbert Lang Photo., American Museum's Congo Expedition)

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The Eternal Triangle

But in This Unusual Triangle of Hearts These Three Great Stage Beauties Played For and Won and Each in Turn Lost the Love of Playwright-Actor Willard Mack ---and Now a Fourth Enters the Lists

Miss Marjorie Rambeau—Mrs. Willard Mack No. 2.

Miss Maude Leone, Mrs. Willard Mack No. 1.

Mr. Willard Mack.

Miss Pauline Frederick—Mrs. Willard Mack No 3—Who Won His Adaptable Heart from Miss Marjorie Rambeau.

EVER since the first descendants of of Adam and Eve began to live those pastoral idyls out of which the earth has been peopled with its human race, thorns and pebbles have always been found among the rose leaves strewn along the path of "true love."

Mutual attraction between man and woman has been, since the world's youngest days, the sum of all human happiness, but this same attraction has ever been the cause of sorrows and tragedies, because the figure three, despite all the laws and theories and customs of monogamy, will insist upon effacing, now and then, the numeral two.

An ancient cynic observed, according to a historian who wrote of Antony and Cleopatra, "where ever there is one woman for a man, there are also two." Later cynics, grown morose with their studies of the social structure of later ages, have added to this the further observation—"—and for every woman there also are two men; the one she loves and the one who loves her."

This interesting situation, which all the teachings and philosophies in the world have not succeeded in conquering, has come to be known as "the Eternal Triangle." Every one knows what the "Eternal Triangle" means—the existence of the "other woman," or the "other man"—the one who is loved and the one who loves. Out of this situation there has grown some of the world's most interesting history. Empires have fallen because of it, and Kingdoms have been created as a result of it.

But in all history there is no more interesting example of the dread persistency of the "Eternal Triangle" than in the case of Willard Mack, the author-playwright, who came into stage fame but a few years ago, and whose stirring, melodramatic plays have entertained hundreds of thousands of theatregoers clear across the United States. Throughout the west Mr. Mack is known as the most popular of the modern matinee idols. In New York, the centre of all things theatrical, he is known as one of the most prolific writers of plays of this generation, and one of the most capable of footlight stars.

Fortunate indeed is the man to whose arms comes a beautiful bride, giving with herself, love and trust. It is the rule of things that when such fortune comes to a man he shall be content—one is supposed to be his full allotment. But out of the "Eternal Triangle" there has come to Willard Mack not only one but three, and even now there is promise of a fourth. And even as Mr. Mack is famous, his name known in many thousands of homes across the country because of his art and talents, so has each one of his beautiful wives been famous for her beauty.

No man in modern history has been so persistently pursued by the "figure three erasing the figure two" as has this interesting actor. Of all the dramas he has created for the entertainment of his audiences none is so amazing and startling in its dramatic climaxes as the drama of his own love-life.

It was just a year ago that the millions of young people and old who had become admirers of the majestically beautiful Pauline Frederick, one of the most popular and widely known heroines of the screen, were thrilled at the news that she had become the bride of the forceful matinee idol, Willard Mack. Their wedding was almost a historical event, there were so many persons who were interested in their separate careers.

Yet not much more than a year before that those who follow the fortunes of stage celebrities were discussing with great earnestness the unusual fact that the beautiful Marjorie Rambeau, a star who had stepped out of obscurity into the hearts of all New York in her first appearance before a New York theatre audience, also was, in private life, Mrs. Willard Mack, the theretofore unknown wife of the stage idol.

And again, not so long before that, Willard Mack, author of the most successful and popular play of that time, the famous "Kick In," announced that much of the credit for the success of this play belonged in reality, to "the most beautiful woman in the world, my wife," who was known on the stage as Maude Leone.

And now, after Maude Leone, Marjorie Rambeau, and the present Mrs. Mack, Pauline Frederick, there promises to be yet another whose beauty has charmed millions of theatregoers, and whose name belongs to the electric signs that glitter along the "Great White Way."

Years ago the name of Willard Mack was little known outside the smaler cities of the west which still are designated as "tank towns." In those days young Mack's consuming ambition was to be the star in such plays as "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," "East Lynne" and "The Midnight Express." But he found the way he had chosen to travel a rough and rocky road. He walked along the railroad ties, from one town to another almost as many times as he appeared before the "tank town" footlights.

In those same days the name of Maude Leone was known from coast to coast as a beautiful star whose coming to the big cities always was something of a social as well as a theatrical occasion. While the unknown Willard Mack trudged wearily from town to town, Maude Leonne rode from city to city in her private car. They met—one day—a strange freak of the fates that have to do with the affairs of the heart—and a romance quickly budded. Miss Loone summoned her company after the play, one night, and announced to the astonished actors and actresses that she wished to present to them, "my husband, Mr. Willard Mack."

Three days afterward the newspapers, in the Western State where this occurred, published a little, four-line announcement, saying that "Miss Lottie Devoe, an actress who had been appearing with a travelling troupe in the smaller cities of the State, committed suicide here last night. The whereabouts of her home or relatives are unknown. She will be buried by her associates." In another column of the same newspaper there was an announcement that "Miss Maude Leone will close her tour at the end of the week and enjoy a short honeymoon with her husband, Mr. Willard Mack, to whom she was married last week."

For many years after these two announcements in the same western newspaper, Maude Leone and Willard Mack always appeared in their plays together. He was the star, and she his leading woman. Together they built up many circles of friends in the western cities. The "tank town" actor became more than his ambitions ever reached for—a real "big town" star. Miss Leone never allowed herself to be referred to as "Mrs. Mack," so her husband was unhampered in his career as a matinee idol. But their friends declared two people were never so thoroughly "wrapped up in each other" as Mr. and Mrs. Mack.

Nevertheless, dissensions arose. Impressionable girls could not help writing notes to the handsome Mr. Mack. There was a divorce, asked for by Miss Leone. In a moment of pique which, she afterwards said, she much regretted, Mr. Mack, too, regretted that "notes" from feminine admirers had marred his happiness. A new friendship, a second courtship, came about, and those who knew Miss Leone most intimately, declared there soon would be a remarriage.

It then happened that a Miss Marjorie Rambeau, who had won some attention for her enactment of certain "parts" in popular plays, was engaged for one of the Mack-Leone companies. Miss Rambeau was very ambitious. She pleaded for thorough rehearsals—always directed by the star of the company, Mr. Mack. She desired, she said, to "make a name for herself," and she was so winsome and charming that everyone wanted to help her.

It was while Maude Leone was at home nursing her sick mother that Miss Rambeau joined the company and became Mr. Mack's chief helper—his "leading woman" in the play "Kick In," which Mr. Mack admitted belonged to Miss Leone. Soon they were married. The news caused Miss Leone to become very ill at her friend's home. For a long time she hovered near death.

Miss Rambeau, now Mrs. Mack, was still ambitious. She wanted to achieve Broadway, the difficult goal of all stage celebrities. Mr. Mack, too, yearned for a New York verdict of approval. Together they worked and planned, wrote plays in collaboration and won great applause. Miss Rambeau for her beauty and graciousness, Mr. Mack for his ability to portray the strong, virile type of stage hero.

New York was achieved at last. Both became famous in a night—he as a playwright, she for her beauty and talents. "Marjorie Rambeau" became almost a cult. Broadway is good to its favorites when it keeps them in a single play for two, or perhaps three months. Broadway had not had enough of Mrs. Mack Rambeau in one play at the end of a solid year.

Then came Miss Pauline Frederick—and a new triangle developed. Miss Frederick was a divorcee; her first husband had been Andrews, the distinguished architect, who built the McAlpin Hotel in New York, one of the largest hotels in the world. Miss Frederick had become a film star of the greatest magnitude, chiefly because of her striking beauty and the splendor of her motion picture plays.

Out in Green Lake, an exclusive residence colony on the New Jersey shore, Mr. Mack had bought a handsome residence for Marjorie Rambeau, his wife. Now Miss Rambeau moved to her mother's home, sending servants to the New Jersey home for her personal belongings. Miss Rambeau and Miss Frederick, each in their limousines, met one sunshiny morning on the motor driveway in Central Park. Mr. Mack was beside Miss Frederick. She had called at the hospital where he was ill to take him for an airing.

There was a quiet divorce and Miss Frederick became Mrs. Willard Mack. She would not spend her honeymoon, however, in the home which Mr. Mack had built for Miss Rambeau and which Mr. Mack had retained. The plot of ground on which this home stood was large. At the other end of it Mr. Mack built another handsome home—this one for his new wife.

They were happy for a year. Mr. Mack attained new triumphs—his newest play, "Tiger Rose," Mr. Belasco's selection for the year, was the season's biggest hit. In it Mr. Mack was co-star with Miss Leonore Ulrich, who had made an enviable name for herself as the Hawaiian girl in "The Bird of Paradise."

Miss Ulric is also very beautiful. Hers is a distinctive type—it is different from the beauty of Miss Leone, Miss Rambeau or Miss Frederick. There is something of the tropical, a trace of the romance of the Latin countries in her delicately modelled features. Miss Rambeau is forceful; Miss Frederick is stately and magnificent; Miss Ulric is shy, retiring and exceedingly feminine.

The other day Miss Frederick announced to her husband, Mr. Mack, that she had sold the house he had built for her. She told him to move, as the new owners wanted immediate possession. She said, quite publicly, too, that he had cost her $50,000 which was far more than he was worth. No one thinks, of course, that Miss Frederick meant that she had paid any one that sum, in a regular purchase and sale transaction, with Mr. Mack, the perennial victim of the Triangle, as the commodity bought—she must have meant that she lost that much in income while she stopped acting in motion pictures long enough to enjoy her honeymoon with him. Of course the friends of Miss Rambeau scoff at the idea that she would have sold her husband to any one for any sum.

And now those who have watched the sequence of Mr. Mack's battles with the Eternal Triangle are wondering if many more are in store for him.

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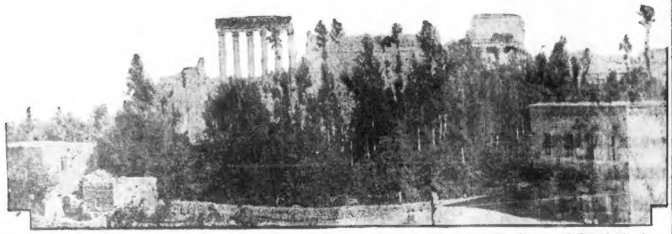
The Home of the Cruel God Baal Now in Christian Hands

Arrangements Being Made to Excavate the Ruins of Baal-Bek, Where Was the Greatest Temple of the Ancient Pagan Deity Who Devoured Women and Babes



The Acropolis of Baal-Bek, Showing the Six Columns of the Ruined Temple of the Sun, and Beside it the Ruins Over the Site of the Ancient Shrine of Baal, Where Thousands of Women and Children Were Slaughtered.

"The Bride of Baal" Painting by the Distinguished Artist, Henry Motte, which Recreates One of the Incidents of the Cruel God's Worship

By Dr. Clifton Harby Levy.

FOREMOST among the expeditions preparing to excavate cities and sites of ancient, long-vanished civilizations in the lands now wrested from the Turks will be a combined American and English party which will work among the ruins of Baal-Bek, whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity and which was the home of the cruelest god mankind has ever created.

Baal-Bek is in Christian hands now for the first time in all history. And it is a curiously imagination-stirring thought that this year has seen Nazareth and Jerusalem, the cities where the Prince of Peace lived and taught, and the dwelling place of the deity as far distant from Him as the poles, both passing into the possession of Christendom.

For years archaeological science has cast covetous eyes upon Baal-Bek. But like hundreds of similar treasure houses of knowledge—and it may be said actually houses of treasure itself—the ancient shrine of Baal was locked to it. The Turks, mainly through religious prejudices, did not allow Western research within the places they held. The few expeditions which were permitted to work here and there in the territory were hampered in every possible way by the officials under the influence of the Mohammedan priests. The Turks, never a scientific race, spent, of course, no time themselves upon excavating.

And what aroused the ire and regret of science was that this race held three-quarters of all the places where scientific research would best be rewarded. Among them, as has been said, Baal-Bek was in the foremost rank.

Now all this is changed and the expedition forming will be fully equipped to open up the crypts and tunnels known to exist beneath the shattered Roman temple to the sun that was built on the foundations of the more ancient Temple of Baal, and which have been closed for aeons.

What light will be brought out of their darkness cannot be predicted. Many a page of the past will be restored, of course; new light thrown upon world mysteries; treasures of gold and silver and jewels, perhaps; treasure more precious than these to science certainly—but whatever is discovered it is sure to be revellent of the unspeakable cruelties and wickedness which were perpetrated in the name of Baal.

Baal was the great god of the Phoenicians and was known as Bel among the Babylonians, but it was the former who developed his system of worship in ways which are to-day almost incredible. In the New Testament he is called Beelzebub, or Baal Zebub—the father of lies. In Carthage, which was founded by the Phoenicians and to which his worship was transferred in all its horror, the ritual of the sacrifice of children was one of the outstanding atrocities.

The statue there, and also at Tyre, was of metal—and gigantic. By ingenious mechanisms the eyes opened and shut, and the mouth was a huge cavern with movable jaws. The arms also were movable, with the hands arranged to carry a burden. The body of the god itself was simply a huge brazier in which under forced draft were burned aromatic woods and "sacred" inflammable substances. At the bottom of the gullet was a metal screen somewhat like a grate. At the times of ceremony the priests started the fire within the body of the image. Hundreds of babies and small children, drawn from all classes, were brought to the temple. One by one they were placed upon the outstretched hands of the god. Under the manipulation of the priests the eyes rolled, the mouth opened, the arms lifted, and when they touched the metal mouth they rolled the sacrifice within. The child dropped down the iron gullet, fell upon the grate and was incinerated in the flames beneath.

After these sacrifices and during them, because the numbers of victims were so great, the calcined bones of these little innocents were taken out and placed in small stone coffins, which formed a part of the "records" of the temple. Thousands of these little coffins have been found under the ruins of the Temple of Baal at Carthage—and they will, no doubt, be one of the first memento of the devilish rites that will be encountered by the scientists, at Baal-Bek.

But the worship of Baal ran the whole gamut of cruelty. Its priests specialized not only in the destruction of babies but of women, and this latter was accompanied by unspeakable degradation. They had their hold upon the high and low alike, and scores upon scores of the maidens of their race went to sacrifice.

One of the most curious of these masquerades under the name of "The Bride of Baal."

In a crypt of the Temple of Baal at Baal-Bek—and also in Carthage, Tyre and all the other cities where the god was worshipped—there was a gigantic stone statue of the monster. It sat within a pit and at its feet roamed lions. Regularly Baal was given a bride—probably once a month. These brides were the most beautiful of the daughters of the nobles. The priests selected those they thought the god would like. The unhappy victim was then taken with elaborate ceremonies into the crypt and placed upon a cushion upon the lap of the statue. There she was left without food or drink and with the lions prowling below her. She could not leave the god because the only way to do so would be to cast herself down at the beasts.

But all the evidence is that after the people had been duped by the ceremonies the priests themselves stole back, fed the lions, rescued the maiden for themselves and made her a slave of their wills and desires, and after a time she, too, was slaughtered. It is probable that this inner shrine of wickedness still with its statue will be found beneath the Temple of Baal at Baal-Bek.

The original city of Baal-Bek is so old that no one knows when or by whom it was built. It stands, perhaps, as the sole contemporary of Damascus, acknowledged to be the oldest city in the world. Its unwritten history probably runs back to the earliest days of Phoenician civilization, but how much further back it goes we shall not know until thorough and deep excavations have been made beneath its ruins.

Heliopolis, or Baal-Bek, was a great city on the direct road between Tyre and Palmyra, and there was accumulated the wealth, the luxury and the corruption of the early Christian centuries, for Christianity had made little way there. Pagan worship was at its highest in Baal-Bek, and the early Christian writers expatiate upon the immorality of the city. Here it was that Gelanius became a martyr, and Constantine issued a proclamation against the licentiousness of its people, building a Christian church here to counteract the pagan influences, but under the Emperor Julian the pagan population broke forth in persecution of the Christians, and the city became such a byword among Christians that when one of them in Alexandria was to be severely punished, he was banished to Baal-Bek.

The city continued to be a splendid place, filled with temples and palaces, up to the time of the Moslem invasion. After Damascus had been taken by the Turks the turn of Baal-Bek came, and in 748 it was sacked and the inhabitants put to the sword. During the twelfth century it was shaken by earthquakes several times, as if God were shaking the wickedness out of the city of horror, and since that time it has never been of either military or commercial importance.

The ancient city was some four miles in circumference, surrounded by great defensive walls. Its ruined temples are now the most striking feature, consisting of the great temple to Baal-Jupiter, the Temple of the Sun and that of Venus or Astarte. The Great Temple of Baal stood upon a broad platform extending 1,100 feet in length, from east to west. The portico is at the western end, having been reached by a broad flight of stairs. This court is 260 feet from north to south. There is a triple entrance leading into the first court, hexagonal in shape, and 250 feet from corner to corner. A gateway 50 feet wide with a smaller door at each side, ten feet wide, leads into the great quadrangle, which stretches out from east to west 440 feet and has a breadth of 370 feet, covering an area of some four acres. On all sides, except the eastern, where the stairway led up to the entrance of the Temple, the court was surrounded by rooms or recesses, inclosed by lofty pillars, adorned with many statues of the gods and heroes.

A Closer View of the Six Columns of the Sun Temple.

The peristyle of the temple proper had some fifty-four columns, ten in front and nineteen on each side. Each column was 62 feet tall, 7 feet in diameter at the base, sloping to 5 feet at the top. They were crowned by beautifully carved Corinthian capitals, and bore an entablature 14 feet high.

That part of the great platform on which the peristyle rests consists of immense walls built up some 50 feet from the ground, formed of thirteen courses of bevelled stones in alternate layers of longer and shorter blocks. Outside these walls, at a distance of 29½ feet, is another substructure, built of large stones, and containing three blocks of such extraordinary size that the temple was at first called the "Trilithon" or "Three-Stone Temple." These enormous monoliths measure 64 feet, 63 feet 8 inches and 63 feet in length, are 13 feet in height and have been raised 20 feet from the ground in the western wall. Two underground passages, 17 feet wide and 30 feet high, run from east to west along the sides of the platform of the great quadrangle and are connected by a transverse tunnel. While marks on the walls indicate that the Roman soldiers utilized these tunnels, here may possibly be one of the relics of the ancient system of underground passages through which the priests of Baal made their way secretly to all parts of the temples, transporting their victims or working supposed miracles in the name of Baal.

One of the Monoliths That Mark the Foundations of the First Great Temple Under Which Excavations Will Soon Be Begun.

The great Temple of the Sun is just north of the Baal Temple, and though this is much smaller than the main temple of the chief deity it is still considerably larger than the famous Parthenon at Athens. The columns of this temple are 45 feet tall, including the Corinthian capitals, and each is 19 feet in circumference. They supported an entablature 7 feet in height which supported the richly carved ceiling, which ran back to the wall, made up of slabs carved with magnificent figures of gods and heroes.

The circular temple stands to the east, and, while the smallest of all, is of most beautiful workmanship and design. Eight Corinthian columns are about the court, and within are smaller pillars in a double row, the lower ionic, the upper Corinthian. This was used as a Greek church as late as the eighteenth century.

Travellers have reported about the beauty of these temples for seventeen centuries past, but so long as the Turk was in control no real work of excavation or reconstruction could be attempted. A few columns have been set up, but the real work of going down to the depths and from the ruins learning the history of Baal-Bek has been impossible.

The surface ruins are magnificent in their proportions, being all that are left of great Roman temples built during the second Christian century, and dedicated to Baal-Jupiter. It was the practice of the Romans to accept the religious practices of conquered races, merely calling the temples by the names of Roman deities, but really assimilating the population easily by following their religious practices and calling them Roman. The city of Baal-Bek was called Heliopolis, City of the Sun, by the Greeks and Romans, and was a city of Syria, lying at the base of the western slope of the Anti-Lebanon mountains, to the north of Palestine.

The three temples were all devoted actually, even in Roman times, to the worship of Baal and his consort, Astoreth, the Semitic name for Venus. In the Babylonian worship Ishtar temples were the places in which the most abandoned type of worship was practised, and she is the original of the Greek Astarte, the Roman Venus. Upon these temples the Romans lavished the best that they possessed of cyclopean art, using huge stones for walls and monoliths, and the most elaborate columns and carvings that their architects could devise.

But beneath all this magnificence of outward seeming, which was to impress the worshipper, lay the old worship of the Phoenician Baal, with all of the practices which the priests of this cruel divinity could devise. The worst wickedness was shrouded in the sacredness of worship, and nothing was too vile for the priesthood of this god.

Readers of the Bible will remember that wicked Queen Jezebel, who was the wife of King Ahab of Israel, came from Tyre and brought with her the worship of Baal to the ivory palace and temple which was built in the city of Samaria, and that the prophets of Israel and Judah often upbraided the people for their abandoning the worship of the true God, and sacrificing their children to Baal, making them to "Pass through the fire." This worship was practised upon the "high places" and in the groves, and even upon the terraced roofs of the houses (II. Kings, XXIII.: 12).

In every temple of Baal was a figure of the god, differing in shape according to the special idea connected with his worship in that place. At Tyre and Sidon, for instance, he might take on the form of Dagon, the half-man, half-fish god, for the Tyrians and Sidonians were the seafarers of ancient days and their god had to be a god of the sea, even though originally a land deity. The altar of the god was sometimes a huge stone, symbolizing his control over the earth, and incense was burned, libations of wine and oil were poured, sacrifices of animals offered, and the children were burned to Moloch, another form of Baal.

In II. Chronicles, Chapter xxviii., we read that King Ahaz "made molten images for Baalim" (the Hebrew plural for Baal), and "moreover he burnt incense in the valley of the son of Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abominations of the heathen whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel" (verse 3).

The priests prayed and shouted to Baal, led dances around the altar, as is related, in the contest of the Prophet Elijah with the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, and in their frenzies "cut themselves with knives and lancets till they were all covered with blood." (I. Kings, xviii., 26-28).

There is hardly a period of Jewish history, after the people made their way into the Promised Land from the Wilderness, until their final dispersion that there are not traces of worship of Baal under some form, chiefly because of their close association with Phoenicia and those who worshipped Baal and Astarte.

If, then, the Jews and Israelites were so easily led astray, notwithstanding their having been taught by Moses and the prophets, how to believe in and worship the true God, how much easier was it for the Romans with their far looser ideas of worship, and with their deities not unlike the deities of Phoenicia to take up this low type of worship when they had conquered Western Syria.

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How the Hapsburg Curse Has Been Fulfilled with Startling Exactness

18 Misfortunes That Have Befallen Them Since the Countess Karolyi Shook Her Quivering Finger at Emperor Francis Joseph and Appealing to Heaven, Said:

"May Heaven and Hell Blast His Happiness! May His Family Be Exterminated! May He Be Smitten in the Presence of Those He Loves! May His Life Be Wrecked, and May His Children Be Brought to Ruin!"

The Last of the Cursed Hapsburgs; Emperor Charles and His Wife Who, According to Last Reports Were Fugitives from Their Capital, Still Pursued by the Karolyi Curse.

"The beautiful Countess Karolyi, maddened by the treacherous execution of her oldest son taken as a prisoner with other Hungarian patriots, forced her way to Emperor Francis Joseph's presence and uttered the terrible curse upon him which has been so amazingly fulfilled."

Genealogical Table Showing Some of the Nearest Relations of Emperor Francis Joseph and Their Misfortunes.

The Countess Karolyi, Who Pronounced the Curse on Francis Joseph in 1848. Her Grandson, Count Michael Karolyi, is the Leader of the Present Hungarian Revolution.

The Old Emperor Francis Joseph, Shortly Before His Death in 1916, After He Had Watched for Sixty-eight Years the Death and Ruin of All He Cared for, in Exact Accordance with the Karolyi Curse.

IN THE vast drama of the European war there is, perhaps, no one feature which is more tragic and dramatic than the literal fulfilment of the curse pronounced upon the House of Hapsburg by the Countess Karolyi.

In 1848, when the young Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was suppressing, with terrible cruelties, the Hungarian rebellion, the Countess uttered this curse upon him:

"May Heaven and Hell blast his happiness! May his family be exterminated! May he be smitten in the persons of those he loves! May his life be wrecked, and may his children be brought to ruin!"

Many reliable witnesses and historians state that these were the actual words uttered by the Countess. Her young son, Count Michael Karolyi, who had surrendered under promise of treatment as a prisoner of war, had been ruthlessly executed, together with a score of other Hungarian patriots taken under similar conditions.

The Countess, a passionate patriot and a woman of great beauty, made her way through the guards surrounding the Emperor and pronounced this terrible sentence upon him before the Austrian soldiers could carry her away.

It is an indisputable fact that the curse has been exactly fulfilled in every single particular. The Emperor lived to see his wife and only son murdered after lives of estrangement, his nephew and destined successor assassinated, and, finally, he lived to plunge his empire into the great war which has wrecked it. A few days ago his successor, Emperor Charles, was a fugitive from his capital, not knowing at what moment he might meet a violent death, while Count Michael Karolyi, grandson of the woman who pronounced the curse, is a leading figure in the present Hungarian revolution, and has helped to tear the Austro-Hungarian Empire to pieces.

Note that the Countes did not call down an immediate punishment on Francis Joseph physically. She did not, like some prophetesses of old, call on Heaven to strike him dead or blind or wither his right hand. With grewsome ingenuity she foretold the long chapter of tragedies and miseries which would fall upon Francis Joseph's family and everything he cared for.

As a matter of fact, the Emperor lived until November, 1916, sixty-eight years after the curse was uttered. He died in his eighty-seventh year. During the whole of that long period he and his country encountered uninterrupted disaster and disgrace.

The year 1848 was memorable for popular uprisings against kings and rulers in all the German States and in several other countries. The Hungarians rebelled against the Austrian Emperor because a law giving them self-government had been passed a century earlier and never put in force. The Hungarians won alarming successes. The Austrian Emperor, Ferdinand I, abdicated and his nephew, Francis Joseph, then eighteen years old, succeeded him.

To save the glorious cause of autocracy the Russian Czar came to the help of the Austrian Emperor, and together they crushed the Hungarian forces. The Austrian triumph was accompanied by horrible atrocities and treacheries. Men who had surrendered as prisoners of war were executed by the hundred. Others were secretly tortured to death in prison. Not less than 40,000 Hungarians were massacred by the imperial tyrants.

Having thus happily secured himself on his new throne, Francis Joseph soon afterward married his beautiful cousin, the Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria. Their married life was one of the greatest unhappiness, during most of which they were practically separated. The Empress wandered incognito in many parts of Europe, while the Emperor amused himself with one frivolous companion after another.

In 1898 the Empress Elizabeth, after suffering untold sorrows, was murdered by an anarchist at Geneva.

Thus the first part of the Countess Karolyi's curse was fulfilled. The Emperor's happiness was blasted.

Every year of the Kaiser's life was filled with some misfortune. Austria had acquired, by state marriages and intrigue, the greater part of northern Italy. The Italians made many unsuccessful revolts, but in 1859 the French came to their assistance and drove the Austrians out of Venetia and Tuscany.

Austria had enjoyed for nearly six hundred years a certain leadership of the German States. To put an end to this, Prussia, under Bismarck's guidance, marched an army to the gates of Vienna and crushed Austria in seven weeks. That was in 1866, and thenceforth Austria became a slave of the Prussian conqueror.

Napoleon III, as a slight consolation for defeating the Austrians in Italy, placed Francis Joseph's brother, Archduke Maximilian, on the parvenu throne of Mexico. The United States was too much occupied with the Civil War to interfere with this arrangement so repugnant to the Monroe Doctrine. The Mexicans rebelled against Maximilian, but Napoleon's soldiers were able to uphold him for a time. When the Civil War was over the United States declared that European interference in Mexico should cease. The Mexican leaders immediately gained control and poor Maximilian was shot by them in 1867. His young wife was driven mad by this tragedy and remained so to the end of her days.

Whatever day did not bring news of some serious tragedy to Francis Joseph was occupied by disagreements with his beautiful wife, who regarded his coarse and self-indulgent nature with constantly increasing aversion.

The most extraordinary misfortunes also occurred in the Empress' family. Her cousin, the romantic King Ludwig of Bavaria, the patron of Richard Wagner, to whom she had at one time been affianced, became insane and finally drowned himself in the Lake of Starnberg during a violent paroxysm. This event made a profound impression on the Empress's mind and caused her to regard her husband with more repugnance than ever.

The Empress's sister Sophie married to the French Duke of Alencon, was burned to death in the Charity Bazar fire in Paris. This was a peculiarly dreadful tragedy, for more than a hundred women of the highest French society lost their their lives in struggling to pass through insufficient exits.

The unhappy relations between the Emperor and Empress naturally had an influence on their only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph. Unable to respect his father and rarely seeing his mother, he fell into a life of self-indulgence, dissipation and cynicism. He amused himself recklessly in the gay world of Vienna, not caring whether his companions were cabmen or chorus girls, and having not the least respect for the ancient throne of the Hapsburgs.

This Prince's mad career reached its tragic end in 1889, when he was found dead in his shooting lodge at Meyerling, near Vienna, with his pretty companion, the Baroness Marie Vetsera, by his side. Complete mystery has always surrounded this tragedy in spite of scores of efforts to untangle it. It is most generally accepted that the Prince shot his companion, because he was not allowed by the Emperor to marry her, and then killed himself, although there are some who assert that both were killed by members of the Baroness's family.

After Rudolph's death the succession passed to the Emperor's nephew, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, but as he was already married to the Countess Chotek, who was not of royal birth, her sons could not inherit, and it was necessary to name a successor to follow him. This would naturally have been the Emperor's next nephew, Archduke Otto, but as he had made himself a public disgrace by jumping his horse over a hearse while he was drunk, he was impossible. His young son, Archduke Charles, was therefore named as heir, and he, according to last reports, still called himself Emperor of Austria.

Through all these events we can see a curse driving on the hapless House of Hapsburg. The ill-fated and obstinate Francis Joseph clung to the policy of following the Prussian master who had already churched Austria. His destined heir, Francis Ferdinand, accepted the same policy with even more enthusiasm, and energetically planned to support Germany's policy to dominate the Balkans and reach out into Asia.

On a fateful July day, in 1914, Francis Ferdinand was making a triumphal, arrogant procession through the subjugated Serbian provinces of Austria when he and his wife were assassinated by a Serbian fanatic. Germany seized on this as an excuse for launching her campaign to conquer the world.

Francis Joseph died in 1916, in the gring on, having for sixty-eight years midst of the world war he had helped to looked on at the death and ruin of all he loved and finally the wreck of his country. His nephew, Charles, succeeded him, and he, too, was pursued by the curse of the Hapsburgs.

The heavy hand of justice fell first on Austria, Germany's weaker companion in crime. The Allies forced her complete surrender. Every State of the Empire rose in revolt against the Emperor. The people of Vienna itself threatened his life and he was forced to flee to a remote castle in Hungary.

Numerous other tragedies have occurred in Francis Joseph's immediate family. There is little space here to speak of his niece, Archduchess Matilda, burned to death; of Archduke John of Austria-Tuscany, lost at sea; of Archduke William, killed by a fall from his horse; of Archduke Ladislas, killed while hunting, and of Archduchess Louise of Austria-Tuscany, Crown Princess of Saxony, who ran away with her children's tutor.

These facts prove that the Countess Karolyi's curse upon the Hapsburgs has been fulfilled in the fullest measure in every way possible.

Many people believe that she was supernaturally inspired like the prophets of old to foretell the future. Others of more philosophical mind will say that a curse, uttered under great provocation, has helped, in combination with other circumstances, to bring itself true.

Eighteen Tragedies in the Hapsburg Family

CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH, only son of Emperor Francis Joseph, committed suicide at Meyerling, near Vienna, 1889.

Empress Elizabeth, wife of Francis Joseph, murdered by anarchist at Geneva, 1897.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, nephew and heir of Francis Joseph, assassinated with his wife, 1914.

Emperor Charles, successor of Francis Joseph, driven from his capital, 1918.

Archduke Maximilian, brother of Francis Joseph, executed in Mexico, 1867.

Maximilian's wife, Marie Charlotte, became hopelessly insane.

King Ludwig of Bavaria, cousin of Austrian Empress, committed suicide while insane, 1886. King Otto, brother of Ludwig, also died insane.

Princess Sophie, Duchess of Alencon, sister of Empress, burned to death in Paris, 1897.

Prince Louis, brother-in-law of Empress Elizabeth, committed suicide.

Archduke John of Austria, cousin of Francis Joseph, lost at sea.

Archduchess Matilda, cousin of Francis Joseph, burned to death.

Archduchess Louise, Crown Princess of Saxony, ran away with a tutor.

Princess Elizabeth, granddaughter of Francis Joseph, shot her rival.

Archduke Leopold Salvator joined a crazy sect.

Archduke Otto banished, Archduke Ladislas killed while hunting.

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"Suddenly, as I turned the corner of a street, I saw a beautiful sight—the American flag. The rays of a searchlight played on it. There, I knew, would be my haven of safety."

PHOTO CAMPBELL STUDIO

Miss Mardiganian as she appears to-day, safe at last in America.

TO-DAY Aurora Mardiganian, the only Christian Armenian girl to escape to America from the massacres of the Christians in Asia Minor, which began in her city, Tchemesh-Gedzak, near Harpout, three years ago, on Easter Sunday, completes the amazing narrative of her experiences, which she began on these pages thirteen weeks ago.

Miss Mardiganian has told how she saw her mother, father, sisters, brothers and other relatives killed by the Cruel Zaptieths. She has told how the 2,000,000 of her people were virtually wiped out by the Sultan's orders, tortured, starved or beaten to death—in many cases deliberately slaughtered in companies of a hundred or a thousand, by sword and shot.

No such account of human tragedy and suffering has ever been given the civilized world as this true story of this 14-year-old Christian girl's experiences at the hands of the Turks, Kurds and other followers of the Sultan of Turkey.

To-day Aurora tells how she was received by the Russian Grand Duke at the head of the Russian armies in the Caucasus, when she fell, naked and exhausted, after a year of wandering in the desert, on the steps of the American Mission at Erzerum. She also tells how she was sent to America, after being caught in the Bolsheviki reign of terror in Petrograd, with a message to the American people from General Andranik, the "George Washington" of Armenia.

Miss Mardiganian's story has been told on these pages with the special permission of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, which is sending millions of dollars to the aid of the Christian sufferers in the Turkish Empire.

By Aurora Mardiganian

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XIV.

TWO nights went by before old Vartabed came to my dungeon window again. But each night he signalled with his shepherd's call, and I answered. The call was just the same, the familiar whistle I knew from the Mamuret-ul-Azziz, but in it there was a cheering, hopeful note, which assured me that Vartabed was planning—that he would help me.

Then, on the third night his face was framed again in my window easement.

"Be ready, little one—I shall lift you out soon," he whispered to me. Then I saw that he had brought a steel bar with which to pry aside the iron bars in the window. The bars were very old—perhaps a hundred years or more they had served to shut in the prisoners which once had been confined in this same dungeon room in Ahmed Bey's big house. I knelt to pray for the help of God in whatever it was Vartabed had planned to do for me—and God was listening. I was still on my knees when Vartabed whispered again:

"Come, little one—reach Vartabed your hand—he will lift you."

The bars were bent aside. There was room for the shepherd to lean inward and reach his hands down. I caught them and he lifted me until I could catch hold of the iron and help myself. In a moment I leaped down to the old stump which the shepherd had brought up to stand on, and from this to the ground. The sheep, which were resting all about, stirred and bleated when I fell among them but Vartabed whistled and they were quiet again.

"We must go quickly—the gate is not locked. You must be far away to a place I will tell you of before morning comes and you are missed," old Vartabed said as he hurried me through the sleeping sheep and across the yard.

When we were outside the gate Vartabed wrapped his coat around me, for it was cold. Then we struck out across the plains, away from the town and toward the low hills in the distance.

Vartabed did not talk much with me. He was so old he needed all his strength. He was anxious that I get far away before dawn. When we came to the hills the shepherd showed me a path and told me to follow it, and go on alone until I came to the hut of a friendly Kurdish family.

"But you, Vartabed—are you not coming with me? Will not Ahmed Bey suspect you if you return?" I asked.

"Vartabed is too old to live in the desert, and then who would care for my sheep?" Vartabed replied.

Poor, dear Vartabed! Ahmed Bey had him killed in the morning.

I ran along the path the shepherd pointed out to me until, after many hours, I came to the hut of the friendly Kurds. They were shepherd Kurds, and had great respect for Vartabed, who had told them I was the daughter of his one-time master in the Mamuret-ul-Aziz. They expected me and were very kind.

When I remembered Vartabed going back to his sheep and to the mercy of Ahmed Bey I cried. The shepherd Kurd's wife and daughters were sorry, and the Kurd himself went down toward the plain in which Ahmed's house stood, to learn if Vartabed still tended his sheep. That night he came back in great distress. He had learned of Vartabed's fate—none but the shepherd could have helped me escape, Ahmed Bey had been sure. He had summoned Vartabed before him and the shepherd had confessed, as there was no other way. Ahmed Bey sent for his Zaptieths. Vartabed was led out to where his flock was waiting to be taken to the pasture. There was a shot, and old Vartabed had paid with his life for his kindness to the little daughter of his one-time master.

The Kurd was much alarmed for me. Ahmed Bey had sent his Zaptieths to search in the plains and hills for me. Perhaps they would soon be at the hut.

They would not send me away, but I knew that I must go. The hut was too close to the house of Ahmed, and the Zaptieths might come when least expected. So they gave me woollen stockings, the best they had, a great loaf of Winter bread, a gourd in which to carry water and a blanket to wrap about me at night. Then I went out into the hills.

Beyond these hills was the great Dersim—the highlands of grass and sand, with hills and mountains everywhere. For many, many miles in each direction no one lived but the Dersim Kurds, some in little villages, some in roving bands. On each side of the Dersim lived the Turks. Once Armenians lived in the cities of the Turks, but now the Armenians were all gone—only Turks were left.

The inhabitants of the Dersim deserts and wastes are not the vicious type of Kurds who live in the south, in the regions to which we had been deported from our homes. The Kurds in the south are nomadic tribes, harsh and cruel. The Dersim Kurds are mostly farmers, and often rebel against their Turkish overlords. They are fanatical Moslems, and have their racial hatred of all "unbelievers," as they look upon Christians.

But the Dersim Kurds do not have the lust of killing that is common with the tribes of the south. To this I owe my life.

For more than a year I was a captive or a wanderer in the Dersim. For many days after I left my friends at the news of old Vartabed's fate I hid in the daytime and travelled at night, walking, walking, always walking somewhere and yet nowhere. When a settlement loomed up before me I turned the other way, trudging aimlessly across the wide plains, through the hills or over deserts.

My bread soon gave out, and water was hard to get, for wherever there was a well or a spring a settlement of Kurds was close. Near one well I hid throughout one whole day, waiting my chance to slip up unobserved and cool my parched throat. There was no opportunity in the daylight, and when night came and I gathered courage to creep near to the well the dogs from the houses ran out and barked at me. I was too exhausted to run when the villagers came out to see what had aroused the dogs. They took me into the settlement and shut me up in a cave for the night. In the morning the chief of the settlement took me as his slave and commanded me to obey the orders of his family.

They made me do the work a man would do. I tended the stock, carried the water and worked in the fields. When I did not do enough work the Kurds would beat me with their long, thick sticks and refuse me food. When I did enough work to please them the women would throw to me a piece of bread. At night I slept on the ground outside the huts with rags and torn blankets to keep out the cold.

After weeks had passed I was too weak to work any longer for the Kurds. I fell down when I went to the fields and could not get up when a Kurd kicked me. So they gave me half a loaf of bread and told me to go away. I went a little ways and then rested for two days. It was so nice not to have to drag a plough made of sticks from morning to night I soon got strong again. And then I started to walk again.

Over beyond Erzerum I knew there were Russians—friends of the Armenians. I tried to keep my face turned to where I thought Erzerum would be—a hundred miles or more through the Dersim. I kept away from the villages until I could walk no more for want of food or water. Then I would give myself up to be a work slave again. Each time the Kurds kept me until my strength gave way. Then they gave me the half loaf of bread and let me go away.

Although it was very cold now, I had no clothes. The Kurds would never let me have any of the cloth they spun or weaved. Snow in the crevices among the hills gave me water, but all I had to eat for weeks, even months at a time was the bark from small trees, weeds that grew in the Winter time and the dead blades of grass I found under the snow.

The snow had melted when I reached the edge of the Dersim to the west. I do not know what month it was, as I had lost all track of time, but I knew Spring was passing, because the snow disappeared. I was now in the neighborhood of Turkish cities. Occasionally I saw Turks in their white coats walking over the plains. I saw flocks of sheep now and then and other signs that I was near the land of cities. Yet I knew I must keep away from these cities or their inhabitants.

Grand Duke Georgi, cousin and Comman Army of the Caucas and General Trokin, Staff (right), who mad for Miss Mardiganian America. At the left ican missionary who for Aurora at E.

One day, from the side of a hill where I was hiding, almost too weak from hunger to walk, I saw a great line of people, with donkeys and carts and arabas, passing beyond on what seemed to be a road to the south. As far as I could see, this cavalcade stretched out. For hours it wound its way across the plains. I wondered what it meant. I crept down from the hill and, crawling on the ground, I drew as near as I could. I saw the people were Turks, and that they were carrying household goods with them. I saw too that they were excited and seemed to be unhappy.

I watched the line of Turkish families go by all day. When it was dark I determined to go the way they had come from. Whatever it was that had sent the Turks from their homes in the cities further east could not be anything that meant ill for a girl of the Armenians, I knew.

Already I had crossed the Kara-Su, the farthest branch of the Euphrates. Along the roads the Turks had passed in the daytime there were scraps of bread, glass jars from which fruits had been emptied and other remnants of food. I gathered enough to give me strength for walking.

The plains across which I made my way that night were those which once formed the Garden of Eden, according to the teachings of the priests and our Sunday school books. The Kara-Su was one of the Four Rivers. Nearby

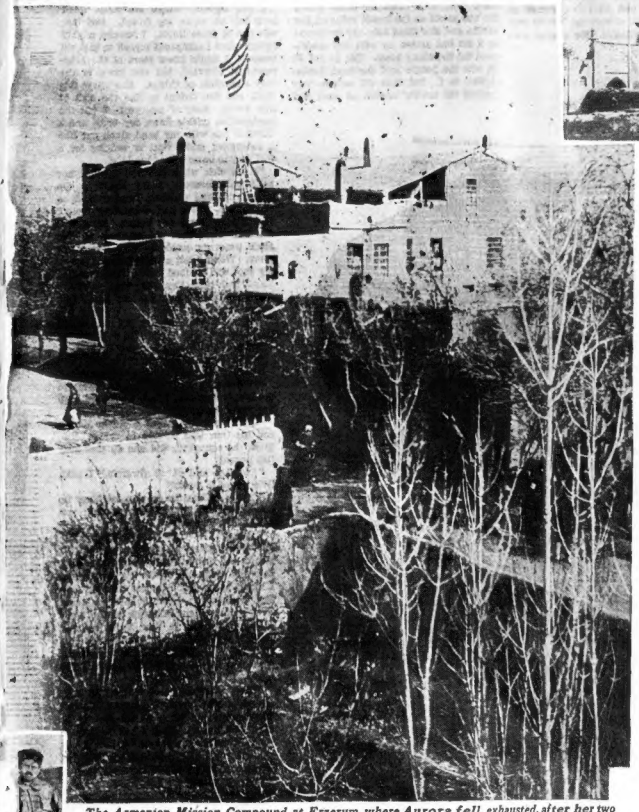
d Armenia—

Only Christian Armenian Girl to Escape Murdering Turks and Kurds and the ems of the Sultan's Bloodthirsty Officials cludes Her Description of the Wholesale lassacres and Seizure of Thousands of ng Women, Which She Witnessed

My Two Years of Torture by the Turks

Armenian girls and women in Erzerum after they had been bought from their Turkish captors by Dr. McCallum, of New York, for $1 each.

A famous monastery near Erzerum where American missionaries gathered Armenian women whom they rescued from Turkish harems.



The Armenian Mission Compound at Erzerum, where Aurora fell, exhausted, after her two years of suffering, at the feet of an American missionary, who had entered the city with the Russians. The flag, raised high over the building as soon as the missionaries returned, was to Aurora the symbol of safety.

e Czar's of the (centre), Chief of it possible to come to s an Amer- elped care erzum.

were the Acampis of the Bible and the Chorok and the Aras, the other three Among these same rocks through whic I hurried along as fast as my strength would allow. Eve herself once had wan- dered When I sat down at times to rest I thought of Eve, and wondered if she were some place Up Above, looking down upon me one of the last of the great race of people which had been the first to accept the teachings of Christ and who had suffered so much in His name through all the centuries that have passed since Eve s gardens blos- somed on the plains and slopes about me.

e next day there were more lines of Turkish refu These appeared to be belated and hurried in great don. Turkish soldiers appeared among them, and were many Zaptiehs Far beyond I saw the wins f a city. I knew it must be Erzerum I came near village and saw the inhabitants rushing about from n house in excitement What could it mean! s afraid to travel in the daytime. I could not go one of these villages, even to beg for water, because fo clothes, and would be ashamed, even if I dared that I would not be taken captive. During the ecrept closer to the distant city In the morning ht the edge of a plateau, which broke downward er drop to the plain Clinging close to rocks, id me from the view of the refugees who still olong the roads, I could look down into the city rd see a great rushing about. Moving bodies of came and went. The refugees were streaming out dly, and were joined by others from villages all ih in the distance I could hear what I knew to be of guns.

ing came closer Now and then big guns seemed to speak, shaking the ground about me I saw explosions in the city. Houses appeared to fall each time the big guns sounded. Far across the city there suddenly ap- peared clouds of dust They drew nearer Soldiers fled out of the gates of the city nearest me in the wake of the civilians

Late in the afternoon the firing ceased. The dust clouds beyond the city had drawn closer Out of them suddenly emerged bands of horsemen. They rode directly toward the far gates Companies of Turkish soldiers met them at the city walls. There was a clash. The Turks were driven back The horsemen followed There was rifle firing Other bands of horsemen rode down from every direction in the east, in through the gates and into the city itself

God had spoken The Russians had come!

In an hour the city was almost quiet again. Far off I saw great columns of troops moving slowly Behind the Cossacks the Russian army was coming The Turks in the city had surrendered.

When night fell I went down from the rocks and into the city I hoped before dawn came I could find a gar- ment or a piece of shawl which had been thrown away and with which I could cover myself. Terror of the Cos- sacks kept indoors the citizens who had been brave enough to remain in their homes. The streets were deserted in the outskirts, except for an occasional Zaptieh stealing along, as afraid to be seen as was I.

Suddenly, as I turned the corner of a narrow street, hugging close to the wall, hoping that this turn, or the next, would bring me near one of the houses I knew the Russians must have occupied, I saw a beautiful sight—the American flag. The rays of a searchlight played on it.

Lights shone from all the windows in the house over which the flag flew. There I knew would be my haven of safety. But not until after the dawn did I have the cour- age to go near Then I saw the figure of men moving about the yard and near the doorways. I ran out of my hiding place and fell at the feet of a tall, kindly-looking man who had just emerged from the house door and stood talking to a Russian officer.

I felt the tall man stoop down and put his hand upon my head. It felt like the touch of God. All at once the sun seemed to break out of the gray dawn and shine down upon me. Then I fell asleep. When I opened my eyes again it was many days after, they told me. I was in a warm bed, and kindly people were all about me. When they spoke to me I asked for the tall man who had lifted me up from the street at the doorstep, and in a little while he came in and smiled gently, and I knew that everything was all right.

The tall man, they told me, was Dr. McCallum, the famous missionary physician, who was known for his kind- nesses to my people throughout the Turkish empire. He had been compelled to leave Constantinople when the war came, but he had come into Erzerum with the Russians—to be among the first to give succor to my people. The house was the American Mission. The missionaries had been forced to flee, but they returned with the Russians, and had promptly raised the American flag.

Dr. McCallum, who now is in New York and was the first good friend I found after my arrival in this country, bought thousands of Armenian girls out of slavery in those days when the Russians were pushing into Turkey from the Caucasus. With money supplied by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief he purchased these girls from their Turkish cap- tors for $1 apiece. The Turks, knowing the Russians would liberate these captive Christian girls, were glad to sell them at this price rather than risk not getting even the one dollar for them.

General Andranik, the great Armenian leader, who is our national hero, came to see me. For many years Gen- eral Andranik kept alive the courage of all Armenians. He promised them freedom and constantly endangered his life to keep up our spirits. The Turks put a price upon his head, and he was hunted from one end of the empire to the other—yet he always escaped. He led the Armenian regiments, made up of Armenians who lived in Russia, in the vanguard of the Russian army sent against the Turks.

When I told General Andranik how I had seen my own dear people killed he felt very sorry for me. He com- forted and cheered me and called me his "little girl." I would rather he said that to me than give me all the riches in the world.

A Russian officer who could speak Armenian also came to talk with me. When I had told him everything he left, but in an hour he returned. This time a very distin- guished looking officer, with a kind, bearded face, came with him. I knew he must be of very high rank, for there was much excitement when he entered the house. The officer who had talked with me first repeated to the other many of the things I had told him. The distinguished looking officer then spoke to me first in Russian, and then in French, which I understood.

"You have been a very unhappy girl," he said in French, "and I am very happy to have arrived with my splendid troops in time to save you. We shall take good care of you, and all Russians will be your friends. I am glad I was chosen to help bring about the punishment of the Turks."

When he had gone they told me who he was—the Grand Duke George, in command of the army of the Caucasus. The officer who had visited me first was General Trokin, the Grand Duke's chief of staff.

When I was well and strong General Andranik al- lowed me to help care for the hundreds of Armenian children who had been found in the hands of the Turks and Armenian refugees who had succeeded in hiding in the hills and mountains and who now crept in to ask pro- tection of the Russians. I helped, too, to comfort the girls who had been bought out of the harems by the American missionaries. These few hundreds were all that were safe of the 2,000,000 or more of my people. The other remnants now are starving in the deserts.

When General Andranik moved on with the advancing Russians the Grand Duke ordered that I be escorted safely to Sari Kamish, where the railroad begins, and sent from there to Tiflis, the capital of the Russian Caucasus. When General Andranik bade me good-by he said:

"The Grand Duke has indorsed arrangements for you to be sent to America, where our poor Armeninas have many friends. When you reach that beloved land tell its people that Armenia is prostrate, torn and bleeding, but that it will rise again—if America will help with kind thoughts and prayers."

As I started away with the escort, toward Sari Kamish where the railroad is, General Andranik took from his finger a beautiful ring, which, he said, had been father's and his grandfather's, and put it on my finger. It is the ring I wear now—all that is left to me of my country.

From Sari Kamish the Grand Duke's escort sent me to Tiflis. There I was received by representatives of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, and supplied with funds sufficient to take me, with the Grand Duke's passport, to Petrograd Sweden and America.

But when I reached Petrograd all was not well within the city. Already the Czar had been removed and the government of Minister Kerensky was losing control of the populace. Rioting in the streets had begun, and the authorities to whom the Grand Duke and the Ameri- can representatives at Tiflis had sent me had been re- moved or executed.

Again I was friendless and without shelter. I had a great deal of money, but I could buy hardly any food. For fifty rubles I could purchase only a slice of bread. When I became so hungry I stopped kind looking persons in the street to ask them if they could help me obtain something to eat, they would look at me sorrowfully, offer me handsful of silver and gold and say they could give me that, but not food. Every one seemed to have a great deal of money, but things to eat were very scarce.

No one dared to take me in. I found the Armenian church, empty now and deserted. All the Armenians who had lived in Petrograd had been frightened away They had been the first, because of their experiences in their own country, to scent the coming of trouble, and had dis- appeared. I remained in the deserted church for many days, afraid to go out in the streets, where there was much killing and robbery. Only in the early morning, when the streets were more quiet, would I venture to look for food.

At last I saw an American passing the church. I ran out to him and begged him in French to help me. I showed him my passport, and he took me in a droschky to the American Embassy. Here every one was kind to me. My passports were changed and the next day I was started toward Christiania, in Norway.

More funds from America reached me at Christiania, and from there I came to New York. I had looked for- ward to my arrival here with a vague hope that I would find my lost brother Vahan almost as soon as I arrived. But when the tall buildings of the big city loomed up before me as the ship drew near I knew that I would be disappointed. America is such a large country—I have not yet found Vahan. But some day I know God will send him to me, for He has proven that He has not for- gotten me. And I hope all America will remember what General Andranik said to me: "Armenia is trusting to her friends—the people of the United States."

(The End)

Miss Mardiganian, whose revelations on these pages have been the first detailed and accurate description of the atrocities practised upon her people by the Turks, has consented to have her experiences reproduced in motion pictures to further the work of the American Committee for Syrian and Armenian Relief of New York City, of which Mr. Cleveland Dodge is treasurer.

This committee already has sent millions of dollars to the aid of the Armenian sur- vivors. The film version of Miss Mardiganian's story, under the title "Ravished Armenia," will be presented in connection with a nation-wide campaign which, with the permission of the State Department, will begin January 12.

This historic attempt at the annihilation of a worthy Christian people already is being impressively filmed and, like several of the Red Cross and French and English official mo- tion pictures, will carry the truth to the whole of Christendom.

The Jungle Hag — by James Francis Dwyer.

HOCHDORF, the naturalist, untwined a sick milk snake from his muscular forearm, placed the reptile in its box, then turned to Ford, the big American, who was staring at the jungle. A haze-wrapped moon that looked like the eyes of a dead Cyclops, had swung up into the sky wastes, and the tops of the huge mohor trees waved it a greeting. A half-grown orang-outang, imprisoned in a large cage at one end of the veranda, muttered in his sleep as he dreamed of magosteens and durians that he had feasted on in the days before the crafty German had trapped him.

Ford broke the silence. "But, have you ever tried to find out what makes the, noise?" he asked quietly. "There must—listen! There it is again!"

A peculiar wail came from the blue smear of jungle directly in front of the bungalow, a wail that came out into the night like a thread of pain. It seemed to swirl around the lonely dwelling like a lariat of concentrated agony flung up into the terrifying silence of the tropical night. For a full ten seconds it hung in the air, then it died away slowly, giving one the impression of a ribbon of sound that had been thrown out from the massed trees and then drawn back again.

When the last faint whimper had died away, Ford gave a little gurgle of astonishment.

"Caesar's ghost!" he gasped, "did anyone ever hear the like of that? Surely you know what makes the noise, Hochdorf!"

The big naturalist sat down upon the deck chair that he had constructed from rough pine boards and Dyak mats, then he looked keenly at the American.

"Tell me just what you heard," he cried, "tell me just—Ach! I am talking nonsense! I am an old fool! You have heard what I have heard and what the Dyaks have heard. Sometimes when I have not heard it for a long time I make myself believe that it was the cry of some animal, but when it comes again as it did just now I know that there is no animal in Borneo that could make such a sound. No, there is not!"

"But what makes it?" cried Ford, "don't you know"——

"I know nothing," snapped Hochdorf. "Here is Kaya. Ask him what makes the noise."

Ford turned to the Dyak boy who had appeared in the doorway. "What makes that noise, Kaya?" he asked. "The noise that we just heard?"

The boy glanced fearfully at the dark trees, then touched his right breast with his hand before replying. "It is the Jungle Mother," he said softly. "She speaks in the night."

Ford gave a muttered curse, reached for a rifle that stood in a corner of the veranda, rushed swiftly down the little path toward the packed trees and dived into their dark depths.

Five minutes passed, ten minutes, fifteen, then the American reappeared. He walked slowly up the path, placed the rifle in the spot where he had taken it from, then seating himself on the veranda rail, he spoke to the naturalist.

"Is there a story, Hochdorf?" he asked. "Tell me if there is. I'm in the right mood to hear it."

The German remained silent for a few minutes as if listening for a repetition of the eerie cry that had come out of the belt of jungle, then he spoke quietly.

"There is a story, my friend. There is a story that I would not tell to the little stay-at-home people who think that the whole world is mapped and charted like the palace grounds at Versailles. They would laugh at me. They would so. In one of those New York papers that you get the other day I read an article which told how the whole world had been conquered. I grinned when I read that. The writer said that there were no more lonely spots. Lonely spots, mind you. Lord! There will always be lonely spots! There was no loneliness around Ang Tong when those big temples were built, three thousand years ago, but the jungle had wonned them back for the monkey and the leopard. And when Borneo is conquered, I think there will be a wolf or two roaming around the Kaiserplatz at Frankfurt.

"But I am going to tell you the story. It is the story of a devil and an angel, and one that I cannot place under any heading. I will tell it to you, at least I will tell you all that I know and leave you to guess at the rest. I have been guessing for three years and more.

"What would you think of a man who brought his wife to this devilish place? Not an old woman, mind you, but a girl as sweet and pretty as the little silver orchids that grow on Mount Prong. Well, that is what Swarn did. I remember the day that they came. It was raining in torrents, and this river looked like the backyard of hell. It sure did. And out of the mud and the slush came a man as big and ugly as Max Liebowitz, the drillmaster at Dusseldorff, and he was dragging a girl that was sweeter than a tropic dawn. Never have I seen a man that was uglier or a woman that was prettier. He looked like one of those devils on the Thasn road. He was all muscle and bone, and he had a jaw on him like the prow of a B. I. steamship.

"But it was the woman that held my eyes. Yes! You can think of all the beautiful women that you have ever seen or read of, and you would not be able to picture one half of her beauty. By the bones of the great Cuvier! she was wonderful! She had big violet eyes that looked around in terror at this place when that big giant told me he was going to camp here for some time, and her face was whiter than the hyacinth.

"'It is not a nice place for your wife,' I said.

"'Is it not?' he growled. 'I think it is just the proper place for a pretty woman like her.' And he laughed like a hyena when he said that, and he showed his big strong teeth that looked as if they were anxious to bite some one.

"'But there is no company for a woman,' I snapped.

"'She does not want company,' he said with a grin. 'She has had too much of it.'

"'It is the loneliest place in the world,' I cried.

"'By the ear of Budda! she wants loneliness,' he roared. 'This is where I camp, my Dutch friend, and I have given you all the reasons that I intend to give.'

"And that is how Swarn and that girl wife of his came to the Rejang. It is a nice place to bring a young wife to, is it not? And it worried me to think of that girl being caged in this place. It worried me more than I can tell you. I would sit out here on the hot nights when the smells would rise from the mud banks, and the jungle would sigh like ten million damned souls, and I would wonder why that brute had brought a woman to this spot.

"And then one night the reason came to me. In that cage at the end of the veranda I had a big ugly mias, the ugliest specimen of the simia wurmbii that I have ever trapped, and that mias had a wife. If she walked to one end of the cage she could see a young ourang that I had boxed up where you are sitting, but that big brute would not allow her to come down to that end of the cage. No! He knew just how ugly he was, and he did not want her to get a look at the young ourang. Not much. He made her stay in the darkest end of the cage and he walloped her with a stick if she did not obey him. I called that big mias by the name of Swarn after I had made that discovery.

"Swarn built a little hut on the other side of that strip of jungle that you are looking at, and day after day he would go off hunting and leave that woman with the wonder eyes to stare at the stinking mud banks where the crocodiles were sleeping. That big brute loved hunting, and he was pretty certain that she would not run away. This is a good prison for a woman. And that big devil had terrified the Dyaks so that they would not have rowed her down the river for all that she could give them.

"It was not my business, but I am an old fool. Often I passed by that little hut and I would see that girl-wife staring at the yellow water and I would get mad. Yes, I would think of that ugly ourang and I would damn that brute for bringing that woman to this place. He was torturing her, and he knew that she was suffering torture.

"Once I met him on the track leading to the Dyak village, and I said things to him before I could get a grip on my tongue. Yes, I am a fool, but I would not be a man if I let that brute go on as he was going without saying something to him.

"'You are a fiend!' I said, 'that wife of yours is being killed by the loneliness.'

"'She likes it,' he said, grinning at me like a big ape.

"'That is a lie!' I cried.

"'Do you know what he did? He sprang forward like a tiger and he smashed me in the face. It was a tremendous blow. It knocked me to the ground, and when I came to my senses he was gone. I picked myself up and rubbed the mud from my clothes and called myself a big fool. 'The good God is watching that little girl,' I said to myself. 'He will do things in his own way.' I told you that brute was the biggest man I had ever seen. In a fight he would kill a score like me.

"And the Almighty started to do things in his own way. A sickness broke out in the Dyak village, a scourge of a sickness. I can look at crushed limbs and battered faces, but I could not look at those Dyaks. I could not. They were not nice to look at. I gave them quinine and linament, but I could not handle them. And I am not weak-stomached, my friend.

"But the sickness that came upon that village was worse than the wounds that a shell could make. You bet it was. It was a sickness that would make a strong man beat it to the horizon pretty quick.

"But it was that sickness that brought the wonder woman to life. That woman with a face that was sweeter than the face of Nur Mahal, and with eyes that were made only to look upon beauty, started in to nurse those poor devils that the Almighty had laid his hands upon. It made me sick to see her so near them. It made me more than sick. That was no ordinary sickness, my friend, and when I saw that woman with her transparent hands dressing the sores of those Dyaks I wanted to shoot that big, ugly husband of hers whose jealousy had made him bring her to this little inferno on the Rejang.

"'Mrs. Swarn,' I said, 'you must not go near them. You must not! You will get sick and die.'

"And when I said that she would die she gave a little laugh that was like the tinkle of the silver lotus bell at Chandok. 'I am not afraid,' she said.

"'But they are filthy,' I argued.

"'That is all the more reason why someone should make them clean,' she said.

"'What a woman she was! That big brute of a husband did not know what she was doing. Not one bit of it. Every morning he would take his rifle and go off into the jungle, and then she would go down to the Dyak village and nurse and doctor those poor devils. She was a wonderful nurse. Those sick wretches would look at her as if they thought she was an aintu, or hill spirit, and when she told them that they were getting better, they would take her word for it, and they would get well. They would so. They worshipped her, and she was as kind to them as if they were babies, although those big violet eyes of hers looked as if they were gazing at something on the other side of the China Sea.

"And then that brute of a husband discovered what she was doing. He came down to the village one day and found her doctoring a little crippled boy, called Juloh. That boy was a peculiar boy. Ach! he was. He was only eight years old, but he could do things. He could wade in the mud, and the crocodiles would not touch him. He could tame an ourang baby in a few minutes, and he knew things of the jungle that I do not know. And that wonder woman was nursing that boy when Swarn found her.

"I do not know what he said to her. I know that she pleaded to stay with the child for a little while, but he ordered her home. And that night he beat her. My, yes. I heard her screams and I ran down and called out to him.

"'You big coward!' I cried, 'Don't hit a woman like that!'

"He laughed at me, and then he sent a bullet close to the spot where I was standing. He was a devil of a man.

"Now that night the crippled boy died in the village, and when Swarn took his rifle and went off to the jungle the next morning all the Dyaks that the wonder woman had nursed came up from the river and squatted in the clearing in front of the little hut. I was in the trees at the back of Swarn's place and I saw them. There were old men and old women and young men and young women, and they sat down on their hams and looked at the room where she was. They guessed that the thrashing that Swarn had given her had made her keep to her bed, and I think that they guessed right. I think so. They knew what had happened in the night, my friend. They knew as well as I knew, and I had nearly got the bullet in my head for interfering in the business.

"That was the first time that I saw the Mother of the Trees. Kaya has just called her the Jungle Mother, but those others called her the Mother of the Trees. I had never seen her till that morning, and I had been there for many years. She was as old as the basalt rocks on the hillside, and she fitted into the landscape as if she had grown up with the sandalwood and the ebony trees. You do not fit in with the jungle and the mud banks. Neither do I. But that old woman was part of the tawdry stretch of mud and dry grass and watching trees. She was an. She was lean and dry and lifeless. She wore only a chawat around her loins, and she had a little green stone that looked like a frog tied around her neck. I will always think of that stone.

"'Now,' said I to myself, 'they are going to plot some artillery against that big coward.'

"And I was right. That old hag plucked a leaf from each of a dozen trees that were close to Swarn's hut, and while all those other Dyaks watched her, she squatted down on the grass and chewed those leaves. I had seen a Shan monk chew leaves like that, and I was interested in the business. When the Shan monk started to chew there was a stampede of the people that he did not like, and it made me wonder what they were afraid of. So I watched that old hag with all my eyes.

"I knew the girl was behind the curtain. Then the old woman held up a bird—a weird sort of bird—and a low chanting began.

"'It's a pity that Swarn is not here to see this game,' I said, and just as I made that little comment to myself, the hag started her real performance.

"She started to crawl backward around that hut, my friends. You have seen a person crawl backward, have you not? It did not thrill you much? No? But you never saw the Mother of the Trees crawl backward. She would have thrilled you. My, yes! She moved backward in a way that made the hair on my neck prickle, and as she moved she kept her face close to the ground and breathed upon it.

"I think we have in the back of our heads some little record of all the things that have happened to our ancestors. I am sure that we have. Once at Kurang Sai I saw a Malay put the blood curse on an enemy, and I was gripped with a fear that I cannot explain. That Malay stirred a memory that was not pleasant. I felt as if some ancestor of mine had that curse put on him, and he had transmitted to me the squirmy feeling that he had when it was done.

"And I felt that way as I watched the hag with her skinny legs working her way backward around that little bungalow. It was not nice. A human being is not made to move that way, and I felt sick as I watched her.

"'You are an old fool,' I said to myself, 'all this mumbo jumbo business does not amount to three cents.'

"That is what I said, but I could not convince myself. There are times when logic has no value, my friend. And that was one of those times. I seemed mighty foolish when I compared myself to that old woman. I might know more of the Arboretum at Harvard, but she knew of the very essentials of things. She knew this East, and the Orient is like the soul of this world. Body o' me, yes! I felt the perspiration trickle down my body, and I watched her with my head stuck out like a red-legged crane that is waiting for a fool frog to come out of his hole.

"I felt sick when she had finished her little performance. I lay there in the underbrush and watched them go back to the village, and I had a squalmy feeling that I have never felt before. That was the first time that the mystery of this place rose up suddenly and swept me away. When I felt a little better I got to my feet and walked home, then I called Kaya, that same Dyak boy that you have just questioned about the cry that came out of the jungle.

"'Kaya,' I said, 'who is the old woman that has come out of the hills?'

"'She is the Jungle Mother,' he said.

"'Why is she called that?' I asked.

"'She talks with the trees,' he answered.

"'So,' I said, 'and what is she saying to the trees when she crawls backward with her mouth in the sand?'

"That boy's face went a sickly yellow, and his thin legs started to shake. 'Oh, Tuan,' he squeaked, 'did she do that near this house?'

"'No, she did it at Swarn's,' I said. 'What does it mean?'

"'She is telling the trees something,' he cried, 'you will not be hurt, master; you will not be touched!'

"He ran away when he said that, and he left me to guess at that business. If I was in the Maine woods and I heard of a hag who could talk to the big trees there I would laugh, but this was another matter. Perhaps you would laugh if you heard of a woman who could talk to the trees in your big park in New York, but you do not laugh with those watching trees in front of you. Lord! no, this is not the place for laughs. It is too old and too wise.

"That afternoon I was walking down to the river and I passed a stump. I must have passed as close as six feet to it. Yes, and closer. After I had walked on some distance I remembered that I had not seen that stump at that spot till that afternoon, and I turned my head to look at it. It moved as I watched it, and I went back and found that I had passed the hag and had mistaken her for the stump of a tree.

"I told you that the hag fitted into the landscape, did I not? Well, I had walked a few feet from her, and I could not tell that she was a woman. She had fooled me. And when I went back and looked at her she was mumbling something with her old withered lips, and she was staring at Swarn's bungalow that she could see through the trees.

"That night I asked the Orang Kaya, or head man, about the hag, but when I put my question he gave a little yelp and ran inside his house.

"'This is not nice,' I said to myself. 'I should tell that big fool, Swarn, that some business is on foot.' He had fired at me, but he was white and white must stick to white in a place like this.

"I called at his place and told him that he had better be careful, and he laughed at me for ten minutes without stopping. His skin was too thick to feel any danger. Just because he could beat that wonder woman who had the eyes of a saint, he thought he could do anything.

"'I am not afraid of any humbug of that kind,' he said. 'I am afraid of nothing.'

"'Good,' I said, and I walked away, leaving him laughing.

"The next day that hag and some other women carried a sick baby up to Swarn's hut after Swarn had gone into the jungle, and that woman dressed the little thing and sent them away. But that big brute saw. He was watching the hut from the undergrowth, and he came back and beat his wife fearfully. Yes. I was not at home, but I heard of it soon enough.

"I came back here about noon on that day and Swarn was waiting for me. He

"He sprang forward like a tiger and he smashed me in the face."

(Continued on Next Page)

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A Mystery and A Vengeance of the Unfathomable East

(Continued from Preceding Page)

was sitting where you are sitting now and his face was white as chalk.

"'Hochdorf,' he said, 'my wife has cleared out and I cannot find any trace of her.'

"'Ho, ho,' I said, 'she has got tired of the mud banks at last. Have you asked the Dyaks?'

"'There is no one only the sick niggers in the village,' he said, 'all the others have gone away.'

"I looked at him for a minute and he looked at me. He was not the same big bully that had laughed at me the night before. No! He had begun to think that he was not everything in this place.

"'I thought you might help me,' he said.

"'I shall help you,' I said, and I took my rifle and without another word set out.

"Sometimes I look back on that trip and wonder. I wonder much. Sometimes I feel that I would like to go over that journey again, and other times I sweat with fear at the very thought of it. I thought I knew this place, and then I found that I knew nothing. Listen, and I will tell you.

"We found the tracks of the girl wife's shoes on the mud near the river, and with them we found the print of bare feet. I knew whose bare feet those were, and I think Swarn knew, as he looked at them. His skin was getting sensitive just then. She was heading down the river to the coast and we started after her.

"For four hours we followed those tracks, the print of bare feet and the print of small shoes, and I cursed in my throat as I hurried along. I cursed that big brute that was close to me.

"And then, about four in the afternoon, I saw the old hag that the Dyaks call the Mother of the Trees. I was going to say that I thought I saw her, but I will not. I saw her, and Swarn saw her. If I was telling this story at Forty-second street and Broadway I might say that I thought I saw her, but I will say that I did see her when I am telling it here. I will so.

"We caught a glimpse of her through the undergrowth, and that big brute let out a volley of curses as we ran toward her.

"'She'll know!' he cried, 'the damned old jezebel will know!'

"'Run!' I cried. 'Quick! We might lose her!'

"We dashed through the creepers and the lallang grass with Swarn cursing like an Afghanistan camel dealer.

"'It's her!' he roared, then as he got closer he cried out, 'You old she devil! Where is my wife?'

"He stopped as if he was shot when he yelled out that question, and I stopped, too. We got the shock of our lives. Yes! We had seen that hag—we could have taken our oaths that we saw her, yet we found ourselves putting a question to a stump. To a stump, I tell you! Holy St Anthony! It makes me feel cold when I think of it now!

"Swarn stood still for a moment, then he stepped up to that gray stump and touched it with his fingers. It was wood. Yes, it was wood!

"'Hochdorf,' he said, and he looked at me with a strange look on his face, 'what did you see?'

"'I saw the old hag,' I answered.

"'and I saw her,' he cried, 'Mother of heaven, I did so!'

"We stepped back and looked at that stump with all our eyes. You bet we looked. That place was as silent as the grave and there was something mighty strange about that happening. We stared at the thing and wondered, and as I looked at it I recalled how I had passed the old hag on my way to the village the previous afternoon. What I thought was a stump then had proved to be the old woman, and now what we thought was the hag had proved to be a stump. You can understand why I would not tell this story west of Suez. They would laugh at me. They would think it was a fairy story that I was telling to them. They do not know this place, my friend. They do not know the East. They have never seen the Laos fakirs do their miracles. They would not believe me if I told them that Vulch, the ligle cripple that the wonder woman nursed, could play with a crocodile that would snap the leg from you or me.

"There is something queer in this business,' said Swarn, 'there is something queer!'

"'Ja,' I said, 'there is something funny in it. Look here!'

"I had stepped ahead a few paces and I saw something that took my breath. Mrs. Swarn's tracks were plain on a patch of wet sand, but the marks of the bare feet that had been alongside of her shoe prints were not there. Those bare feet tracks had stopped close to the stump that had fooled us!

"Swarn cursed for a few minutes when he saw that. He got on his knees and examined those tracks and he crawled along on the sand to the place where the prints of the bare feet had stopped. That spot was not more than a yard from the stump.

"'We will go on!' he cried, springing to his feet. 'My wife is by herself.'

"By the beard of Mohammed! we were scared at that minute. We were up against something that we could not understand. As we hurried away from that stump we turned round and looked at it every five yards or so, because something in the back of our heads made us think it would move. Made us think that the stump would move.

"'Certainly we did,' I said.

"Swarn broke away from the place with an oath, and I followed him at a run. Do you know the kind of fear that clutched you when you were a boy and you had to pass dark places on a road? Well, that kind of dread had me at that moment. And as we ran it seemed to increase. I thought of that young woman with her wonderful face and the old hag whose skinny legs went out before her like the tentacles of some crablike thing when she was circling Swarn's hut. My imagination was working overtime just then.

"Swarn stopped after we had run a few hundred yards, and he got down on his knees. I got down, too. There in the mud was the print of Mrs. Swarn's shoes, and alongside the shoe prints were the marks of the bare feet that had stopped near the stump!

"'Oh, oh,' cried Swarn, then he started to sob like a child.

"'Keep your head, man,' I said to him.

"'But I beat her, Hochdorf,' he sobbed.

"'I know you did,' I snapped.

"'And I brought her here to torture her,' he cried.

"'And it was torture,' I roared, 'I told you so months ago.'

"'We were at Hongkong, Hochdorf, and the officers from the warships would turn and look at her when they saw her on the street.'

"I thought of the face of that woman that was like the face of the Madonna herself, and I growled at him like a bear. 'It was not her fault that they looked at her!' I roared.

"'Heaven forgive me, it was not!' he gasped, and when he said that I saw that the nerve had gone out of the big bully.

"That gray jungle with the lichen hanging from the trees like the beards of gnomes had an effect upon that man. My, yes. He was not himself. He breathed like a gorilla with a bullet in its lungs, and as he ran along the track he looked at the trees on both sides of the path.

"The afternoon was closing in then. That peculiar gray light was gathering in the long aisles between the trees. And I was not feeling any too good as we followed that track. I was not.

"'You must not feel bad,' I said.

"'But I beat her,' cried Swarn. Then as he hurried along he started to mumble the words—I beat her over and over again. He was confessing his sins to those trees that seemed to be listening to him just like those trees in front of us seem to be listening.

"'Stop it!' I cried. 'Stop!'

"But he would not stop. He kept saying those words till they got into my brain.

"'Stop talking,' I roared, 'you are making an ass of yourself.'

"He opened his mouth to say something, but he didn't say it. He stood with his mouth open and pointed to something in front of him and I looked at the place where his finger was pointing. By the sword of Tamerlane, I was scared! Do you know what he pointed at? You guess it, of course. He was pointing at the Mother of the Trees!

"'It is her!' he yelled.

"'Sure,' I cried, and we rushed toward the spot.

"'I am not drunk or stupid, Ford, am I? You think I am in my right senses? Good! I will tell you the rest. I tripped over a creeper and fell upon my face and when I got to my feet I saw that Swarn had got to the side of that figure. Ja, and I ran to him with the hair on my head lifting like the quills of a porcupine.

"Swarn looked at me when I reached his side, and if ever I saw terror in a man's face I saw it then. I saw just such a look in the eyes of a Javanese at Bencoolen when a big tiger shark cut him off from his boat. Swarn was crazy with fear. He shut his fist and struck that stump till his knuckles bled, and he howled like a crazy man. Yes, it was a stump. Yes! But it was a stump that you could not tell from that old hag till you came within six feet of it.

"'Don't leave me, Hochdorf!' cried Swarn, 'don't leave me!'

"'I won't leave you,' I said. 'I am going to help you find your wife.'

"No, no!' he screamed, 'she does not want me to find her. I am going back. Keep close to me, Hochdorf, keep close!'

"I was looking at the tracks as I spoke, and I found that same peculiarity that we had found at the spot where we had first been deceived. You know what I mean? The prints of the bare feet had stopped near the stump that we had mistaken for the hag.

"There are times when instinct gets hold of the helm and does things that common sense might not think was all right. That was one of those times. Swarn gripped my arm with his fingers of iron and turned back on the trail, and I went with him at a run.

"Fifty yards from that stump I turned and looked, and I pulled up. I made Swarn stop, too. The light was getting bad in that place, but it was good enough to see that thing.

"'It is her,' I said, and I looked at that big brute. He was dribbling with fear. The fright had unloosed his jaw muscles and he could not close his mouth.

"'The witch!' he screamed. 'It is her.'

"My life has been spent in lonely places. I have lived in the jungle for years, but on that afternoon I was worse than a child who has never seen a lonely spot. We had looked close at that stump and Swarn had struck it with his fists, yet we went back. It is the truth. We went back to it.

"Swarn got within three feet of it, then he stopped. For about a minute the two of us stared at it, then I turned with him, and we crept away from the place with our faces turned for home. I am telling you the truth. I did not think of that girl-wife as I ran with him back along the track we had come. He gripped my arm, and the terror that was on him seemed to flow into me. Do you know what he was afraid of? He was afraid of the trees! He was scared of them. He screamed with fear as we were rushing through them, and when he reached an open spot I had a job to make him follow the path when it passed through the trees at the other side of the clearing.

"It was near midnight when I got him home here, and he was a lunatic with fear then. He was so. You have seen a dog cower in a corner when he has got a thrashing? Well, he cowered in the corner of his little hut like a dog when I got him in the door.

"'What are you afraid of?' I cried.

"'The trees,' he muttered. 'I am afraid of the trees.'

"I waited till he fell asleep, then I crept quietly out of his place and came up here. I was so tired that I could hardly walk. It was a fearful day.

"I lay down on that couch just inside the door, and in the early morning I thought that some one was calling me. I got up and went to the door. The wind was blowing hard from the east, and that was the first time I heard that noise that you heard some few minutes ago. I heard it then and I wondered. I woke up Kaya, who was asleep, and I asked him. He gave me the same answer that he gave you a little time ago. He said it was the Jungle Mother.

"'Nonsense!' I said. 'Something might be wrong with Swarn.'

"I took a lantern and went down through the trees to that little hut and went inside. Swarn was not there. I called out to him, but I got no answer. Then I started to search for him. The dawn was coming then, and I poked around thinging that the fool might be hiding somewhere. And I was calling his name at the top of my voice.

"It was full daylight when I found him. He must have got out of his bed and made an attempt to come up here. Yes, an attempt, my friend. A young sandalwood tree had been torn up by the roots by that wind in the early morning, and Swarn was under that sandalwood tree when it fell. That is all."

There was silence for a few minutes, then the tall American spoke.

"And the woman?" he said. "Did you ever hear from her?"

"Yes," answered Hochdorf, "I hunted for her next day with some Dyaks, but we could not find her, so I came back here and waited. Five months afterward I got a letter from Hongkong telling me that she was safe, but she never mentioned Swarn. I do not know to this day if she heard what happened to him. It is a funny story, is it not? Come to bed now, we are keeping the black monkey awake by talking here on the veranda."

"I knew the girl was behind the curtain. Then the old woman held up a bird—a weird sort of bird—and a low chanting began."

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The Golden Collar ~ By Bradley Gilman

NEARLY everybody who goes to Cairo visits the ostrich-farm, six miles outside the city; but not everybody learns the story of the great ostrich who wears the golden collar—a story which is closely interwoven with that of the bright-eyed but deformed young Arab Yusuf, who keeps watch from the central tower overlooking the farm.

I would not have unearthed the story myself had I not brought a letter of introduction to Mustapha Bey, the owner of the farm. Clever, taciturn Yusuf would simply have answered my questions, with smiling courtesy, perhaps even translating the Arabic inscription on the collar, but entering not at all into the dramatic details which were implied by it. I did indeed, notice, as I looked down from the tower, the gigantic form of the ostrich, and I asked, "Why is that big fellow kept alone in that pen? Is he dangerous?"

Yusuf replied, in broken English, with a dreamy smile on his brown face. "He good ostrich. Sais good ostrich, but people 'fraid." And he leaned over the railing and gazed at the great creature, with evident affection.

After a moment's silence, he gave me a searching but kindly look, and asked, "Want Sais speak to you?"

"Yes," I answered, at a venture.

He uttered a peculiar cluck, and the ostrich, standing, as I judged, over six feet high, looked intently up at us; another cluck and a hissing sound from the dwarf, and the great bird made a few powerful strides half around his pen, then rose in a mighty leap, upborne by the spring of his powerful legs and by his black, glossy wings, and came over the seven-foot wall of sun-dried bricks, as if it had been a toy-fence. I caught my breath, involuntarily, at his amazing display of power, and my surprise deepened into alarm as Sais rounded the corner of the wooden tower, and came, half leaping and half flying, up the stairway toward us.

Yusuf suspected my fear, for he laid his thin, dark hand on my arm reassuringly. "No 'fraid, no 'fraid," he said, with a quiet smile.

Up came the mighty creature, three stairs at a time; and I shrank behind the dwarf, and was ashamed. When Sais reached the platform, he towered above me and seemed like some pre-historic winged monster; his sinewy legs were a grayish pink, and seemed possessed of limitless strength; his long, pliant neck darted restlessly about, and his bright eyes scanned me with fearless curiosity. The dwarf reached up his arm and laid it affectionately upon the golden collar around the creature's neck, and with his other hand offered a piece of sugar. The two strange beings were evidently intimate friends, and I judged that the Arabic, in which Yusuf talked softly to him, was made up of endearing phrases.

A week later, at the Khedivial Club in Cairo, over Turkish coffee and Egyptian cigarettes, I told Mustapha Bey about the incident. He was amused, and recounted to me the history of the collar.

"A sais, as you know," said he, sinking comfortably back upon his divan, "is the gaily-dressed man who runs in front of some of our native equipages; a sort of courier; of no particular use in these modern days, but I see that some of your European friends have adopted the custom."

He narrowed his eyes and looked at me quizzically over his tiny coffee-cup. "Sais, the ostrich, got that gold collar because of a famous race which he ran—and won—ten years ago, when we were putting in the railroad which passes near my farm."

Mustapha Bey was himself the active agent in the building of this railroad, and is still one of its directors.

"The story of the collar really begins, however, far back of that date; in fact, it began with the first lot of ostrich eggs which was imported into this region, nearly eighteen years ago. It was a venture of mine, and my friends said that it would not succeed. I feared as much, myself, when only one of the dozen hatched; that one, solitary, forlorn chick was Sais; we didn't call him 'Sais' then; he was simply 'the Chick,' or 'It'; and he staggered around in his pen for a few days, and seemed about as much inclined as was I to give up the experiment. But there was one other creature on the farm quite as feeble and forlorn as himself. That creature was the orphaned hunchbacked son of a Nile boatman, a boy of seven years, who managed to starve along on sugar-cane from the river-bank and wild carrots from the fence corners. I never had noticed the boy until I saw him, one day, in the pen with the ostrich chick. At sight of him I was on the point of ordering him whipped off the farm; but my keeper checked me. 'He is making the chick live,' said he; 'they love each other; the chick feeds from his hand.'

"The weeks and months passed, and the chick got a good grip on life, and grew rapidly. These birds reach their full strength at six years, and live to an age of twenty or twenty-five.

"I was encouraged by the health and strength of Yusuf's pet, and imported two more lots of eggs, both times with fair success; the young broods hatched and most of the chicks lived; we had learned to leave the eggs exposed to the warm sun during the day, and to cover them slightly at night; in the Spring time that was quite enough. Yusuf's young charge, however, had a long start, and was fully grown before the other chicks had feathered out. The boy and the ostrich were always together; the boy had been cared for, as I had directed, and had grown in strength evenly with the ostrich; but his deformed spine could not be remedied, and his arms and legs have always been somewhat shrunken, probably because of a lack of nutrition in his early years. His inability to walk and run with ease may have led to the plan, but he presently had trained his pet to take him astride of his strong shoulders and, with wings slightly raised, to carry him about, as if on horseback. I was at first uneasy for the welfare of the bird, but, as both bird and boy seemed to enjoy it, I said nothing; and I often watched the pair with interest, as the strong creature sped in great circles, on the desert outside the farm, running at a rate far exceeding the capacity of the best horses in any Cairo stable."

Pausing to light a fresh cigarette, Mustapha Bey continued: "About that time I was giving less than my usual attention to my farm itself, because I was getting a land grant for the railroad. I had an English engineer with me, and the grant was finally obtained, and the laying of the track completed a mile beyond the farm, on the way to Fayoum. But there was much native prejudice against the new project, and several times short sections of the track were torn up at night by fanatical Arabs.

"At length the road was available for construction trains, and we discharged fifty camels and their drivers, having no further need of their services, and these drivers fomented the opposition of the people as much as possible.

"One day we ran a train of three cars out of the Cairo shops, as far as my farm, and I had ordered a luncheon prepared for several important Shieks, and had invited them to ride to the city in the cars. I was not at the farm, myself, that day, but learned the details of the affair, as I now relate them, from my secretary, Abdul Aziz, who was on the spot.

"It was the season Kourban-Bairan, a Mohammedan festival much like your Christian festival of Christmas. At that season it is the Arab custom to eat mutton. Everybody eats it—the poor are provided with it—some of the more savage families tear a living sheep in pieces and devour the flesh raw.

"Another characteristic of our people is the regarding of imbecile and insane persons as under the direct inspiration of Allah; and many crazy people go about at large, who, in your country, would be restrained in asylums. Such a man was present, that opening day, at the temporary railroad station, near the farm; he had caught the general spirit of native antagonism toward the new iron highway, and he had gorged himself with mutton. Carefully as we had planned the events of the day, we had not taken insane fanaticism into account; and it nearly wrecked our project, or might have delayed it for years. After the distrustful Sheiks had taken their places nervously in the cars—being eloquently exhorted thereto by my faithful Abdul,—and he was about to signal the engineer, the train suddenly started without warning, and began to move from the station. The explanation was that the insane vagrant whom I have mentioned had climbed into the cab of the engine (while the fireman was oiling one of the bearings, outside), had pitched the engineer headlong to the ground, and had pulled the starting-lever."

"You see the significance of the situation," he suggested, with his inscrutable Egyptian eyes narrowing. "The fortunes of our costly experiment were hanging in the balance; our first load of passengers composed of leading Arab chiefs, our train headed for Cairo and our new terminal station, and a crazy man seated alone and fanatically jubilant in the engine-cab.

My narrator had begun his story in a light and cheerful vein, but at this point as the memory of the eventful day grew upon him his dark face became serious, and he instinctively drew the fold of his rich schokha about his shoulders, and readjusted his tarboosh upon his head. Gravely he continued, and fire came into his dark eyes as he spoke. "That was Yusuf's day and hour. Allah so willed it. Yusuf was among the crowd at the station, crouching comfortably on the shoulders of his great winged pet, like a 'fellah' high up in the head of a date palm. He saw the act of the insane man, he saw the train start, and he realized the momentous consequence involved; but he did not scream, nor waste time in idle brandishing of arms, like the other natives. He was a clever fellow, even then; and he knew, in that moment, that there was one possible chance of averting disaster; he knew that there was a side track, at Cairo, a few hundred yards outside the terminal station. If the rushing train could be thrown upon that sidetrack, it would exhaust its speed on the sharp upgrade of the hillside. But how could a message be carried? There was no telephone in those days, and our telegraph line was not in working order.

"There was one possible messenger—swift-footed, swift-winged; it was the ostrich, Sais. That day the great creature's name came to him. Yusuf settled himself firmly on the strong shoulders, and hoarsely whispered the signal."

"At Yusuf's signal, Sais darted forward; he knew not his errand, knew not his path; but his young master had whispered to him to run; and he ran; yes, how he ran!"

"There was a choice of paths, and Yusuf acted wisely. He guided Sais along the highway of plane trees, which is more direct than the long curve of the railway; then he cut across the orange grove which you saw on your left.

The train was nearly a mile ahead, and moving at what would be called extraordinary speed in this slow country, where even express trains attain only twenty-five miles an hour, as a maximum. Yusuf knew that the real struggle was to come along the track; and he was not sure about the ostrich's footing over the ties; but Sais barely seemed to touch the ties or the ground; indeed, his wings supported half his weight and his rider's, and a false step, now and then, would not have proved fatal. The powerful creature was running eagerly, joyously, with little apparent effort, yet with a swiftness which Yusuf had never before called out; the boy was half terrified and half fascinated, yet, under all, he was resolute to succeed in his purpose.

"They drew up to the train, when it crossed the bridge over the Nile; they must pass it, but not yet; the daring lad spoke quiet words to his steed and checked him; over the ties of the bridge they flew, and crossed in safety. Then, on the broad embankment beyond, Yusuf gave the signal, and Sais responded. The mighty creature here for the first time seemed to catch the idea of a race, of competition; before this he had run from sheer joy of free, swift action. Now they were abreast of the flying train and, with a scream of exultation, Sais put forth all his magnificent power; he ran with a lightness which gave Yusuf an easy seat; he passed car after car, from whose windows turbaned heads and swarthy, anxious faces protruded in wonder, and perhaps hope. On and on! The creature was speeding at a rate, probably, of fifty miles an hour; and the terrific pace carried him and his clinging rider past the cars one after another, as if they had been stationary.

"The white walls of Cairo were now plainly in view; not a half mile intervened between the engine, with its crazed occupant, and the new terminal station; but just ahead was a highway crossing; and there lay a great peril; a train of heavily-laden donkeys was filing slowly across the track. Yusuf's heart almost failed him at the sight! Would they all cross in time, or would the excited ostrich swerve from his course? The lad, now almost exhausted, gave one encouraging cry to his winged steed and closed his eyes. Then he felt the great bird rise with a mighty bound. There was a pause, but in a second the powerful feet touched the ground again, and the danger was over—the donkey train had been cleared at one great leap.

"Now the switch was close at hand. The cries of the donkey drivers had brought out the Arab switchman. He was an intelligent fellow, and Yusuf's warning cry and gesture gave him his cue. Clang went the iron bar; and Yusuf heard it only faintly, as he clung to his noiseless steed, for he was a hundred yards beyond. But he knew that his wild task was accomplished; and he talked to Sais and checked him—and fell, in a faint, to the ground, as an explosion and a crash sounded in his ears.

"The train had rushed across the switch upon the side track. The crazy man in the cab was gesticulating wildly from the window. The engine dashed fifty yards up the slope of the siding, and plunged, with boiler exploding, into an empty house at the extreme end of the line."

Mustapha Bey paused, panting, almost as if he, and not Yusuf and Sais, had run the race. I waited, myself short of breath, for him to finish the tale. He drained his full cup and added, "That was the end, as Allah had willed it from the beginning. The engine was wrecked and the cars were somewhat shaken; but not a passenger was seriously hurt. When the people attempted to lift unconscious Yusuf from the ground, Sais attacked them savagely; the lad lay there ten minutes, with the great bird striding excitedly around him. When Allah gave the lad back his senses Sais rejoiced with great joy."

Another pause, and I asked softly, "But the golden collar! What of that?"

Mustapha Bey seemed to come back to me and to the Khedivial Club room as if out of a mist and from afar. "The collar was given to Sais by our railroad company," he said. "The inscription is in Arabic, and reads, 'For him who runs to victory with feet and wings.'"

"The terrific pace carried him and his clinging rider past the cars one after another, as if they had been stationary."

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Health, Beauty And The Home

Schedule to Make More Time for War Work

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, Principal, Scudder School of Household Arts.

WITH each added month of of the war more duties are pressed upon women everywhere. It may be the increased demands of the Red Cross, the need for canteen workers, for women to take nurses' census or do baby welfare work, in every case the homemaker is faced with the problems of how she can keep house for Uncle Sam in his various patriotic work and at the same time fill the needs of her own housekeeping.

The one solution is to more efficiently plan housework and its duties to stay by a definite schedule of work which will provide for the tasks of the home and also the outside patriotic work every woman wants to do. A schedule is merely a definite setting down of tasks and the time at which they can most conveniently be done. Everyone is familiar with a train schedule; it starts at a certain place at a definite hour and is supposed to arrive at an equally definite destination. On the way it stops at such and such stations, may take water, change tracks, engine, etc. The object of a train schedule is to allow people to arrange their other affairs more satisfactorily. How confusing it would be if we did not know whether the train started at 8 or at 10 or where it would stop. Decidedly, we could not plan to do anything else because of the train's uncertainty.

Similarly, a schedule of housework stands for definite periods, prearranged stops and hours. The schedule will depend on the hours of meals, the size of the house and the number of workers. The first point is to decide what are the essential tasks that the schedule must cover, when they are to be done, either daily or weekly. To start a schedule take pad and pencil and write down the hours of meals; next, possibly the time best suited to marketing, either personally or by phone; next, the relation of the cleaning to the cooking work; when laundry is to be collected or done, and so on with every task and duty.

SCHEDULE PROVIDES REST OR FREE PERIOD.

Not only does it arrange when work must be done, but when free hours can be taken. Some women think that to have a schedule means only to bind themselves to one unceasing routine from which they cannot escape. On the contrary, the schedule is the only thing that will indicate hours of leisure as well as hours of work. How otherwise can a woman know what spare time she has unless she does not arrange for it in advance? It is always the women who know what they have to do and when they must do it that can be relied on for extra outside work. If the family has no small children it can usually be said that the housekeeper can devote two or three hours a day three times a week to war work and yet completely satisfy her house duties.

The schedule may be arranged for every day, and weekly as well. Also, it must change from time to time as new needs arise. Here, for instance, is a simple daily schedule for a woman who does her housework and yet is doing war work also:

7:30—Breakfast.

8:00—Wash dishes while preparing dessert, vegetables, etc., for evening meals, putting some into fireless cooker for all-day cooking.

9:00—Make bed, brush rooms, collect linen for laundry.

10:30—Dressed, leaves for Red Cross workroom.

11 to 1—Make surgical dressings.

1 to 2—Lunch downtown.

2 to 3:30—Attend lecture and demonstration on food substitutes.

3:30 to 4:30—Markets personally, carrying home parcels herself.

5 to 6:30—Supper preparations and serving.

7:30 to 8:15—Wash dishes, put cereal and dried fruit in fireless, sets breakfast table.

On some other days of the week she would have to spend the entire forenoon doing housework, as special cleaning, ironing, etc., but good planning would still leave her some free time in the afternoon. A small but important point is to arrange that the iceman and other deliveries be made as nearly as possible at the definite morning hour, to waste no extra time in "unessential phoning," and to work with the desired object in view. Everyone knows how well and how rapidly a mind works the morning on which she has an afternoon out, or how anyone proceeds with more zest if they have some special goal to achieve. The reason why many women find housework so perpetual is because they dawdle over it, they do not have clear in their minds what they want to do when their housework is over, and consequently this mental attitude conduces toward sluggish work. "Plan your work, then work your plan," is a good motto for every housewife.

SCHEDULE AVOIDS INTERRUPTIONS.

"Yes, but I am always interrupted," say so many women. Quite true, even the best intentioned trains have to lose time because of a wreck ahead or for some other reason get behind time. Still, we do not plan our life according to the exception, but according to the rule. And just because she is liable to interruptions is the very reason a woman needs a schedule in order to get something done between the interruptions!

Much time is wasted in any work by not knowing what to do next. A schedule will entirely prevent this waste time. It seems strange that so many women who followed such efficient plan in an office or in outside work refuse to do so in their homes. Not long ago the writer visited a large sanitarium. Here hundreds of women were following a daily schedule. There were definite hours for bathing, for massage, walks, etc. It seemed as if they were living a different life and crowding twice as much into one day. The only explanation was that in the sanitarium they were following a schedule both of work and rest, while in the homes they proceeded after a haphazard manner.

DEFINITE PLANNING LESSENS NERVOUS TENSION.

It is undisputably true that American women suffer from nervous tension and that they waste much nervous energy. Much of this is due to the fact that they work without plan, and consequently become excited and irritable when they have extra unexpected duties thrown upon them or when things do not proceed smoothly. It will always be found that the woman who just "pitches in" becomes more exhausted and cannot keep up her effort so long as the woman who more evenly divides her work over an extended period. Knowing just what is to be done and subordinating the routine work so that it requires little mental effort will allow more effort to be given to the really big things that come along.

Women who shop successfully and make easy work of it make out a list of articles in advance, they mentally note what stores they are going to first or what department and what route they will take. This is a shopping schedule. A teacher knows what classes she has and in what order, what free period she has to herself and so on. Every business women has, by the very nature of her work, reduced much of it to a schedule, in which she arranges her hours for dictating, for interviewing, etc. So, too, the woman in the home must, in these war days above all others, arrange for herself a schedule of housework which will provide not only for the home duties but for that free time which Uncle Sam is urging her to give to him.

There is no reason why the home should not be put on a war basis, as well as every other industry. It may seem harsh to say, but if the home cannot be managed efficiently without waste and in a business-like manner what justification has it for existing?

Would it not be better to have food cooked in large central kitchens, as they are now doing in England, or have women entirely removed from home responsibility in order to give all their time to war work? But it is possible to manage a home well and yet have time for outside interests. To do so, it is only necessary to apply even a part of business system and management, to use a schedule of work and follow in the home equal "pep," dispatch and planning such as make other work a success.

Have you a little schedule in your home? If not, start one today.

No Other Feature of the Face Is So Important or So Expressive as the Human Eye.

"War-Time" Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Oatmeal Raisins, Scrambled Eggs, Rice Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Hominy Grits, Top Milk, Codfish Cakes, Toasted Rice Muffins, Coffee.	Boiled Rice, Apple Sauce, Bran Muffins, Butter, Conservation Jam, Coffee.	Fruit, Creamed Codfish, Toast, Coffee.	Stewed Prunes, Oatmeal, Top Milk, Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas, Scrambled Eggs with Left-over Ham, Toast, Coffee.	Grape Fruit, Oatmeal, Top Milk, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Emergency Soup (left-over Vegetables), Corn Bread Sticks, Tea.	Scalloped Celery, Potato Biscuits, Date and Apple Salad Tea.	Mexican Corn Custard, Spice Cakes, Tea.	Golden Corn Cake, Cocoa, Apple Marmalade.	Cheese Souffle (Cream Sauce), Lettuce and Cauliflower Salad, Tea.	Vegetarian Club Sandwich, Stuffed Prunes, Tea.	Boiled Fowl, Celery Sauce, Corn Fritters, Grilled Potatoes Heart Lettuce Salad, Tea.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*
Creole Tripe, Boiled Potatoes, Spinach, Lettuce Salad, French Dressing, Prune Jelly, Coffee.	Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes, Green Peas, Brussels Sprouts, Lemon Pie, Half Cups Coffee.	Corned Beef Hash, Tomato Sauce, Boston Brown Bread, Tapioca Custard, Half Cups Coffee.	Broiled Ham Brown Gravy, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Boiled Cauliflower, Baked Indian Pudding, Half Cups Coffee.	Fish Baked in Tomato Sauce, Scalloped Potatoes, Buttered Beets, Boiled Cabbage, Apple Pie, Half Cups Coffee.	Boston Baked Beans, Brown Bread, Celery and Tomato Relish, Baked Indian Pudding (left-over), Half Cups Coffee.	Maple Bavarian Cream, Half Cups Coffee.
						Supper
						Assorted Sandwiches, Conservation Cream Puffs, Cocoa.

Keeping the Eyes Beautiful

By Lina Cavalieri,
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

NO other feature of the face is so important or so expressive as the human eye. Without it the soul is windowless and in bondage to the powers of darkness and evil. A single glance into the eye is the surest index to the mind and character that we possess. Therefore, we must not neglect any care or precaution that will add to its usefulness and physical beauty.

When properly trained the eye can express an infinite variety of emotions. It can reveal tenderness, gentleness, vivacity, indignation, sorrow and love. A wise old sage has declared that with a look a woman may wreck a life or a home, or open the gates of Paradise!

What charm attends the trifling act of lifting the eyebrows or a drooping of the lids. It is that which makes for beauty in the changing expressions of the face. The eye-brows and eye-lashes are susceptible of great improvement. Instead of pencilling and darkening them, it is much wiser to set about cultivating their natural beauty legitimately.

Brushing the eye-brows night and morning with a small eye-brow brush adds wonderfully to their beauty. It promotes the natural gloss and trains them into the high oval curve that is so becoming to the majority of women. If they are thin a tiny bit of olive oil or lanolin rubbed into them at night will stimulate their growth amazingly.

Remember that the two arch enemies of the eyes are fatigue and dust. To keep the eyes beautiful one must avoid the one and shun the other. Be careful not to read much at night. Artificial light unlikely destroys the natural luster of the eyes. I make it a special point never to read at night. Also never read on a moving train, the street car or the subway.

Again I would advise you not to read too much at a time. An hour and a half a day, and that at two or three sittings, instead of continuously, is enough. Close study of a printed page is dangerous to the eyes and to other attractive features of a woman's face.

When your eyes feel tired the thing to do is to rest. Go to your room. Put on a loose lounging robe and lie down for an hour's rest. Lie upon your back and place upon your eyes a hot compress. Make the compress in this way:

One gill of rosewater, one gill of witch hazel. Heat this mixture and when it is nearly at the boiling point dip into it a bandage of soft linen, or of absorbent cotton, and press this upon the eyes.

If your eyeballs are yellow this is an indication that you are bilious. You must cleanse the stomach and stir up your inactive liver. Your physician will be glad to tell you how to do this. But if you do not wish to go to him then try a semi-fast. Eat only half as much at each meal as you have been doing, and drink water freely. Copious water-drinking is a necessity for the health and should become a natural and fixed habit.

The proper daily care of the eyes requires that they should have two baths a day. The eyes need this particularly because the long lashes form a perfect dust-trap, and the slightest speck of dust that is allowed to remain beneath the lids may cause the most painful irritation and inflammation. Bathing the eyes night and morning with witch hazel and warm water, mixed in equal parts; or with an ounce of boracic acid in a pint of rose water will help to keep them clean.

Use an eye-cup, turning the eye upward and opening it so that it will be laved by the contents of the cup. When wiping the eyes use a soft cloth of linen or silk, and wipe the lids toward, not away from, the nose. This will help to prevent wrinkles about the eyes, also the wrinkling of the eye-lids themselves.

Incidentally, I would like to tell you that the best eye-water known to oculists for the treatment of sore eyes or lids is made by mixing ten grains of boracic acid and five grains of tannin acid with one dram of camphor water and enough ordinary water (distilled, if possible) to make a total of one ounce.

However, if you are suffering from granular lids, or from inflamed eyes of any sort the best plan would be for you to consult an oculist immediately. Have him examine your eyes carefully and then have his prescription filled and follow his instructions implicitly. The eyes are far too precious to experiment upon. There is too much danger that you might injure or destroy the sight entirely.

When you awaken in the morning and you find a waxy mucous has been secreted in the corner of the eyelids, or along its edges, you should know that this indicates a diseased state of the ciliary glands, and is often one of the first symptoms of opthalmia. Should this occur, you will find the eyelashes also involved and they will soon fall out, if the trouble is not checked immediately. Seek the best medical advice obtainable and grudge not the patient care and treatment you must undergo, for this means that perfect eye-health will soon be yours once more.

Lastly, avoid eye-strain and see that you always have plenty of restful, refreshing sleep. Eight or nine hours of sleep are not too much. Take a long afternoon nap if you cannot get enough any other way.

The right way to shampoo

How this treatment helps your hair

Do you think your hair grows from the head like a plant? No, indeed. There is a fundamental difference.

For your hair does not breathe as does a plant. No vital fluid circulates through it as does the sap in the plant. Except at the very tips of its roots, hair has no more life than a silken thread.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant you must, by the proper treatment, keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous.

Is your hair dull and lifeless? It can be made rich and lustrous. Is it greasy, oily, or dry and brittle? You can correct the condition which prevents the tiny oil glands from emitting just the right amount of oil to keep your hair soft and silky.

Try this famous shampoo

Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails) making the scalp itself move in little circles. This loosens the dead cells and particles of dust and dandruff that clog up the pores.

Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a toothbrush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well, then rinse it out.

Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and leave it on for two or three minutes. Clear off with fresh, warm water, finishing with cold water. Dry very thoroughly. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For ten or twelve shampoos, you will find the 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap sufficient, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments and for general cleansing use. Get a cake today. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere throughout the United States and Canada. The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

INSTANT BEAUTY

Men cluster around. And why not, for who can deny the compelling charm of a beautiful complexion?

"How can I acquire it now—*today*—a soft white skin with rich color glowing in the cheeks?" The answer is Pompeian. First apply Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, then a touch of Pompeian BLOOM. Beauty is yours at once, and with a fragrance which captivates the senses. These products guaranteed pure and safe by the makers of the famous Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, NIGHT Cream and HAIR Massage.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—It adds a pearly clearness to the skin and stays on unusually long. A delighting fragrance. White, brunette and flesh. Pure and harmless. 50c boxes at the druggists.

Pompeian DAY Cream—Vanishing. It gives a velvety skin. Good powder foundation. Daintily perfumed. 50c at the druggists.

Pompeian BLOOM—A rouge that adds the final touch of youthful bloom. Do you know that a touch of color in the cheeks beautifies the eyes, making them darker and more lustrous? Made in a cake that won't break, with vanity mirror and French puff. Comes in three shades, light, dark and medium (the most popular). 50c at the druggists.

SPECIAL HALF-BOX OFFER

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To one person only in a family we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes.

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Stamps accepted, coins preferred
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Gentlemen—Enclosed find two dimes for which send me your special powder offer. No member of my family has received this offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested

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"UNDER FOUR FLAGS"

Third U. S. Official War Feature

Five Solid Reels of vivid war action—stirring scenes filmed by photographers of the U. S. Signal Corps, U. S. Navy and Allied Armies

"UNDER FOUR FLAGS" is the latest of the now famous series of war features produced by the Government for the people of the United States and the Allies.

It is a continuation of the history of America's part in the world war, as portrayed in "Pershing's Crusaders" and "America's Answer."

"Under Four Flags" takes up the story at the point where the Allies, seeing victory dependent on close co-operation, chose General Foch Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies.

The momentous meeting of Allied representatives at historic Versailles to discuss unity of command is vividly portrayed.

Notable Generals in close-up views.

Foch, Haig, Clemenceau, Petain, Pershing and other Allied leaders are shown in closeup.

"Lafayette, We Come!"

And then—the thousands of brave American boys—crossing the ocean to stem the tide of Autocracy!

Our own boys, mind you! Some of them from this very town! They cross on troopships safely guarded by vigilant destroyers which circle round and round the little fleet, to keep U-boats at bay!

You see these same nimble destroyers, in "Under Four Flags" later, dropping depth bombs over lurking submarines. The terrific explosion sends the water shooting sky-high in a mighty fountain.

You see the most remarkable smoke screen which blots the ships from view and makes detection next to impossible.

Pathetic Scenes of Refugees

This Government film shows what are perhaps the most interesting refugee scenes taken during the war.

Hundreds of poor people driven from their little homes by the advance of the huns, are flashed on the screen.

Imagine scores of ox-carts heaped high with household belongings! Women, children and old people trudging along the crowded highways, leaving their homes to destruction by hun invaders.

Later on, when Foch has been successful in the battle, these same poor refugees are seen hurrying back to take possession of their homes.

"The hun—his mark"

Other scenes show how the hun destroys villages which he has been forced to evacuate. Not even the battle scenes give truer testimony of the hun's mean spirit, than the scenes of utter desolation which his spleen created!

You see picturesque French villages in which not a single house is left intact!

Italy strikes on the Piave!

Many marvelous pictures are shown of the victorious Italian offensive. See the big guns mounted on river boats on the Piave! With each recoil of the gun the boat is given a shove in the direction of mid-stream.

America gets into the fight!

"As fine an army as there is on earth"—is what our Allies say of the Americans.

You will want to see the impressive pictures of Yankee boys in action!

You are permitted to follow them through, from the time they board the transport, for "a port in France," to the zero hour, when they go over the top at 4 in the morning!

The Signal Corps photographers secured most thrilling scenes at Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel made famous now for all time by the brilliant victories of the great armies under one command.

You see them hurling hand-grenades and mopping up the German trenches—thousands of German prisoners that literally clog the roads as far as you can see!

Britain's Valiant Conquest in Belgium.

Haig's men are never quiet. They push on, now here—now there. You see vivid close-ups of wounded British Tommies, being carried from the trenches by Red Cross workers.

Long batteries of British cannon, too, which argue with the enemy in voices of thunder and silence him with a rain of steel.

The airplane scouts, as well! But you must see "Under Four Flags." Pages and pages of words can only give you an imperfect idea of the facts of the war in comparison with the film.

Every woman, as well as every man, will want to see "Under Four Flags." It shows you how the "big four," America, Britain, France and Italy joined forces and whipped the enemy into unconditional surrender.

Perhaps you have a son in France! If so, you need no urging to see this authentic war feature, the scenes for which were filmed on the spot by photographers of the U. S. Signal Corps and U. S. Navy and Allied army cameramen. All pictures are filmed under actual war conditions, as they exist in Italy and on the Western Front.

Insist on Seeing "UNDER FOUR FLAGS"

In Your Favorite Theatre

Presented by

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION, George Creel, Chairman

Through the Division of Films, Charles S. Hart, Director, Washington, D. C.